OLD WALDORF
BAR DAYS

1280

OLD
WALDORF BAR
DAYS

OLD WALDORF BAR DAYS

With the Cognomina and Composition of

Four Hundred and Ninety-one Appealing Appetizers and Salutary Potations Long Known, Admired and Served at the Famous Big Brass Rail;

. . . *also* . . .

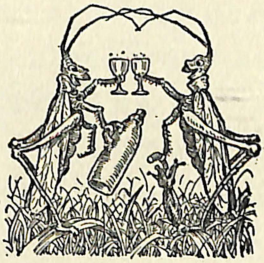
A Glossary for the Use of Antiquarians and Students of American Mores

by

ALBERT STEVENS CROCKETT

with Illustrations by

LEIGHTON BUDD



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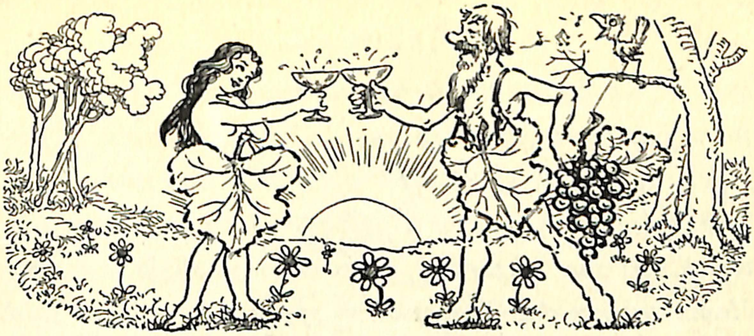
IN
MEMORY
OF
CERTAIN GENTLEMEN OF OTHER DAYS,
WHO MADE OF DRINKING
ONE OF THE PLEASURES OF LIFE—
NOT ONE OF ITS EVILS;
WHO ACHIEVED CONTENT
LONG ERE CAPACITY
WAS REACHED OR OVERTAXED;
AND
WHO, WHATEVER THEY DRANK,
PROVED ABLE TO CARRY IT,
KEEP THEIR HEADS
AND REMAIN GENTLEMEN,
EVEN IN THEIR CUPS



FOREWORD

A GENERATION HAS *grown up among us whose philosophy of life is not that of twenty years ago. It calls itself sophisticated. Perhaps it has reason. This is a complex age. Civilization has become complex and often it seems our young people are suffering from some sort of complex, if it is only that of "superiority."*

But some of us like occasionally to dwell on the past, to recall simpler days when nothing was complex and there was no talk of "complexes"; days when drinking was often an honored social custom among gentlemen, and when the man who indulged enjoyed the full protection of government, and did not thus necessarily render himself, in effect, an enemy of law and order.

Those days are past. Some say that in this country they will never return. This is no prophecy or argument.

But twenty years ago, over almost every thirsty lip in all parts of the world where English was spoken, had passed the name of one place of refreshment which in many ways

had no peer. So far, no attempt has been made to recreate in print just what that place was and what it meant. What follows is a study of the old Waldorf Bar and its happenings, as representative of a phase of American social life which was once important, yet which—so slight is resemblance between that Bar and any speakeasy—may be said to have disappeared as completely as the vast enterprise of which it was long one of the most popular and most remunerative departments.

The author does not assume to be an authority on the composition of drinks or their effects—except as an observer. But he first saw the old Waldorf Bar about one month after its opening in the autumn of 1897. *He had occasion to enter it frequently during the first seventeen years of the century; it was one place where a newspaper reporter could be sure of finding a patron of the hotel whom he wished to interview and who happened to be in no other part of the building. For two years of that time his office was in the hotel and he visited the Bar daily in search of news. In gathering material for this book, he has had assistance from many veteran employes of the old Waldorf, some of whom date from the days of the "sit-down" café, that ran for more than four years before the brass-rail Bar opened, with which this book is mainly concerned. And among his other collaborators have been regular patrons of the Bar who knew its habitués and what went on there.*

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OLD
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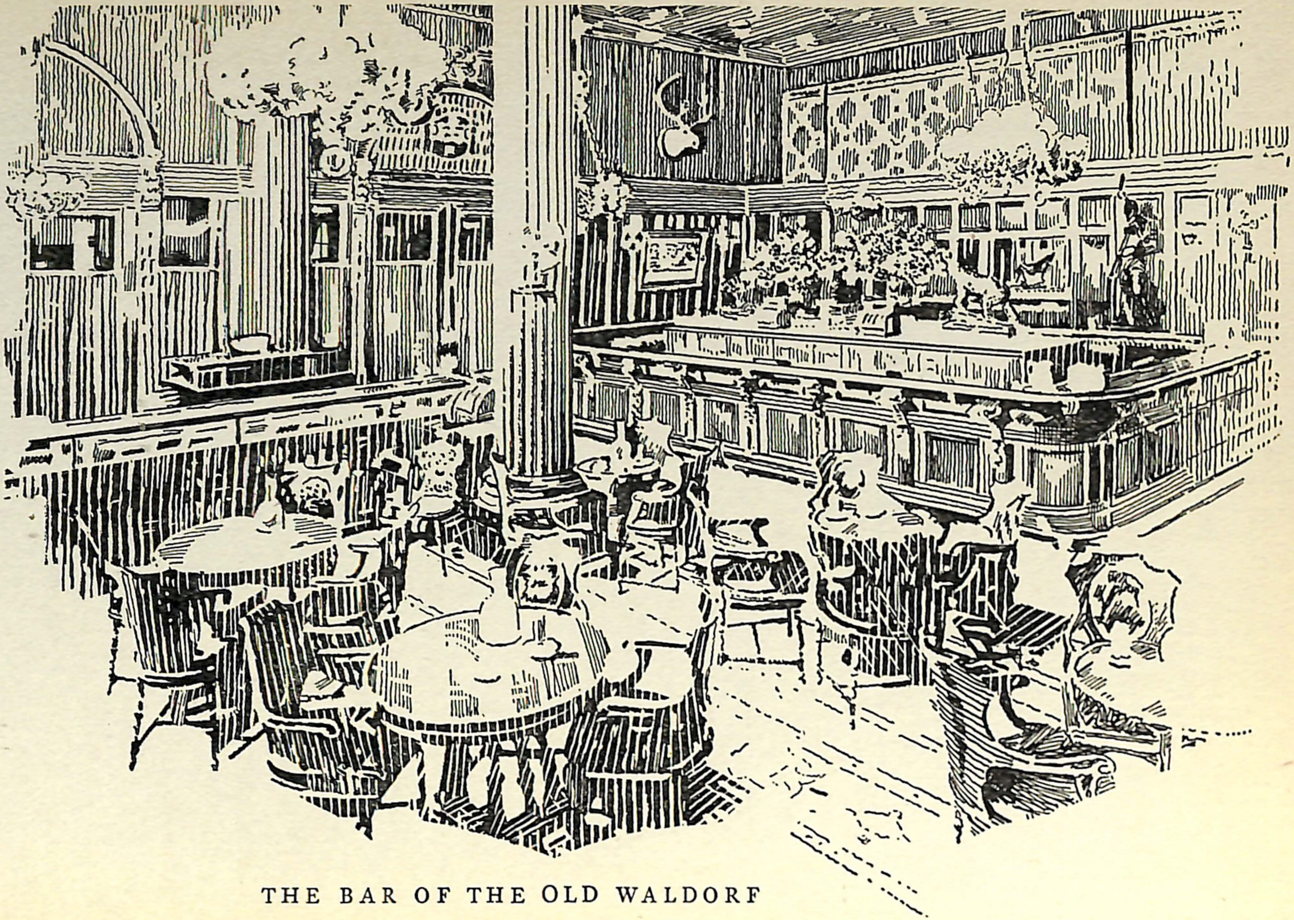


THE BAR OF THE OLD WALDORF

OLD WALDORF BAR DAYS

"And drop upon its grave a tear."

PART I

What and Wherefore

"LET WHO will write the history of a people, if I am but permitted to write its songs," is something like the way somebody once put it. That sentiment I can understand and appreciate. But when it comes to "letting George do it," as a cartoonist taught us to say, I sing in a different key. Were I to subscribe to a sort of *laissez faire* with regard to the history of the American people, rather than write its songs, or sing them—which latter might prove more difficult—I should prefer to drink its drinks.

Not, mind you, the American drinks of to-day. Them I would not dare tackle—at least, most of them. When I speak of the drinks of the American people, I mean those appetizers and stimulative potations of American origin and invention, which, until the advent of statutory reformation, and in what would now seem bewildering variety and abundance, were to be had by any free citizen, did he know where to go—and had the price.

Indeed, for many years there existed a real and distinctive American School of Drinking—one that had a recognized standing, if not among institutions of learning,

then among college and university men all over the United States, and in many parts of the world. Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Cornell men, for example, in large numbers, either there supplemented their collegiate curricula, or else went to it for post-graduate courses. Other institutions of learning were represented among its students, but at least the names of those four have been perpetuated in its annals by having cocktails named after them—if there can be such a thing as perpetuity when one is dealing with something dead and gone. For the American School of Drinking is a thing of the past.

You, perhaps, may reason that it survives in every other corner of the world save ours, and point triumphantly to the unchallengeable fact that the sign, "American Bar," has started more foreigners trying to read English than all our missionaries and exported Standard Oil cans, tied together.

Brother, you are a mere theorist. Practice will make you a pessimist. If you think otherwise, be your own tester. Take a steamer for Shanghai, or Yokohama, or Singapore, or Bombay, or Cairo, taste what comes when you order, and find yourself gazing at the hole of a doughnut.

Faint traces still exist, it is true, of that once potent school of bibulous instruction that in its day and in its own peculiar way influenced more thought than the cissoid of Diocles, or the screw of Archimedes, rivaled the reputation of Socrates for making the worse appear the better reason, and tangled up a million times more brains than have ever tried to make out what Einstein has been driving at. You may be so lucky as to find those reminders

in certain seductive spots where the sophisticated regularly dig themselves in when abroad. But in any of them demand of the bartender, for example, that succulent conception of an American scholar—or barman—of the late nineties, a "Baby Titty," and see what you will get.

Chances are, if he doesn't hand you out something that is a libel on a much-prized concoction among certain connoisseurs when still existed an American School of Drinking, functioning, in the fashion of that time, on four cylinders—not sixteen—he'll tell you that the ladies who sit for company are in the back room; or, if your address book has led you to the Rue Cambon, you may be directed to the crowded little cavern across the hall, the favorite Paris dugout of sixty-year-old flappers. And what chance is there for getting what you want—I mean, provided you know what you asked for and won't put up with any sort of substitute, even of authenticated vintage?

And yet a "Baby Titty," as taught in the great American School of Drinking, whatever the illusions it caused, contained no more of allusion or suggestion than was supplied by its name—and probably its appearance. It was composed of equal parts of Anisette, Crème Yvette and Whipped Cream, topped with a red Cherry.

Other "American Schools"

Certain ancient capitals, particularly Athens and Rome, contain what are called "American Schools," usually addicted to the pursuit of art or archaeology. Some of our more ambitious painters and sculptors would have us believe that in this country has grown up an American

School of painting, or of sculpture. They may be right. And it is a fact that for many years an independent organization of artists and patrons has been trying to develop at least one such school by letting any person who thinks he can paint, or model clay, hang the evidence of his genius, or what not, in a place where a more or less credulous public will be sure of an opportunity to view it and perhaps to buy it—provided its creator can raise the nominal fee demanded for its admission to this vicarious Hall of Fame.

I have never heard of an American School of Drinking—under that name. And yet there is ample proof that such did once exist. Were the evidence of my own eyes and recollection lacking, excavations made and exhumations resulting during the last days of a long-famous hotel, and subsequent to the demolition of that—in our way of counting time—venerable institution, offer abundant proof. As a matter of fact, as I begin this, workmen are carting away the wreckage of what was a famous temple of Bacchus, long known wherever the name "American" conjured, for the thirsty wanderer, a vision of something yellowish or amber or of ruby red in a small but generously brimmed glass. Swallowed at a gulp, that lusty and sometimes uproarious content awakened appetite for company of its own kind, until the experimenter could cry, "Hold, enough!" but never did. If he cried at all, his lament was apt to be, "I can't hold enough!"

Glory That Was

Only a little more than a dozen years have rollicked by in more or less arid succession since the American School

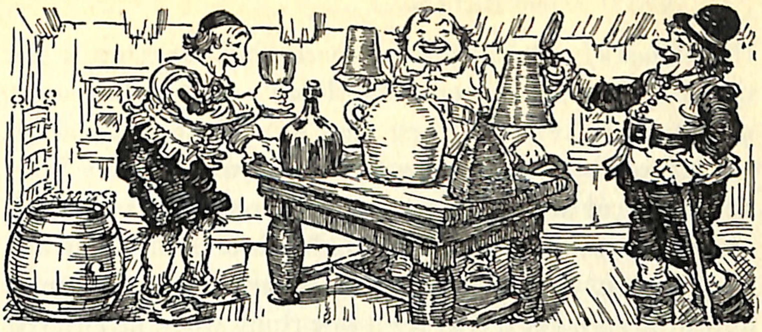
of Drinking ceased to exist. In this connection I give no impure consideration to the dispensations of Mr. Grover Whalen's estimated thirty thousand under-cover oases in New York. Of the only speakeasy I ever visited, I have lost the address. I have to go to Europe or Havana for mine, or trust, upon an occasional visit to Miami, that something has come ashore. The greatest exponent of the American School of Drinking is now in the same class with the ruins of ancient Athens and Rome; and now that voracious steam shovels have done their dirty work, searchers for the material remnants of its main audience hall, if not its administration building, must dig among city dumps or swamp fills, the latter, after the present water dries out, probably to be reliquidated into real estate developments to supply homes for the more or less homeless who have begun to crowd the thirty-fifth floors and penthouses of Manhattan Island. Or, one has a choice of hiring a steam dredge and plumbing that part of the Atlantic where, so press releases say, is now the graveyard of at least part of what was once the most famous establishment of its kind, bar none.

You have guessed. Knowing me or not, you suspect I am going to dig up the now defunct and vanished Waldorf. For, whether you had learned to drink as far back as twenty, or even thirty years ago, if you knew your Fifth Avenue and your caviar, or where to get a free lunch that would otherwise cost you two dollars—and by the expenditure of a mere quarter for a drink—you would know that when I speak of the greatest and most famous exponent of the American School of Drinking, I can mean no other place than, the old Waldorf Bar.

Well, it's gone. As a matter of fact, it went out of the back door of the hotel when prohibition came in the front. And despite the booze subsequently lugged in suitcases into the hotel by gouty but valorous Old Guardsmen, by visiting Chicago aldermen, on one of their periodical sprees, by the Sons of Something or Other, and by the thousand or so banqueteering organizations that made steady customers for its grand ball room and smaller rooms up to the last, and which annually would have stocked a freight train with empties, that quantity was no measure for what was annually consumed on the premises during the quarter-century before the lid went on, or the cork went in, or the bottle was smashed, according to the way you did your little Volstead Act. And in those days, the ambulance cases that were driven to Bellevue Hospital, head-first, from the side door in the Astor Court, were not taken to the ward for the poisoned.

Well, the bar, as such, disappeared more than ten years ago, as noted. The famous bar counter, on which empty "schooners" often grounded, if one may revert to a once much-favored form of *bon mot*, was soon afterward cast out, and the nearest approach to evidence I can obtain as to its survival to this day is the information that it still serves a mission in some speakeasy in Hester Street. But the cock-eyed individual who handed me the tip as a price for my silence, did not have the grace to slip me its number.

And now for a dash of history to make oblivion of regret. Dashes sometimes had that effect, if numerous and of one potent liquid hereinafter to be discussed.



PART II

Many Schools in One

NOT FAR from the spot where the Indian chief who sold Henry Hudson the Island of Manhattan coined the expression, "Here's how!" when he tackled the bottle of rum that the crafty Britisher—temporarily a Dutchman—threw after his twenty-four dollars to bind the bargain; not far from that spirituous spot, in later years, arose a mighty hotel. In one of its great halls, disciples, if not descendants, of the noble red man were wont to assemble every afternoon, and to preface, as well as conclude, with his utterance on that memorable occasion, deals which caused the original New York real estate speculation to dwindle to the proportions of a fly-speck.

What some of those men did, under the influence of a just-ended session of the Stock Exchange, of the news-ticker that kept discharging its tape into a waste-basket, and possibly—and probably—of what was dispensed in that hall by a dozen talented bartenders, helped make American history. Men staked fortunes there; they formed pools; they plotted to corner markets. For years

the names of certain of them made the first page of the newspapers almost every day. They were, in their way, giants, and they took their ease in a Gargantuan way.

Such of their performances as were worth while from an historical standpoint have been recorded in books, and are now no concern of mine. My interest lies in what they drank. For, whatever his other purposes, a man almost invariably did at least one thing when he entered the Waldorf Bar: he drank. More often than not it might be said, "Good God, *how* he drank!" And sometimes, "And *what!*"

Many of that noble army of gallant drinkers I knew by name; many others I knew by sight. The majority have gone. The great hall where they guzzled every day, some of them for more than twenty years, ceased to function one dark day in January, 1920. Only the name of the Waldorf Bar survives. That, and its traditions. But while the light holds, let me try to recreate it, and to limn the shapes of some of those who went surging in and out, while, above the roar of conversation and the chatter of the ticker, the air was rent with calls of "Same here!" and "Here's how!"

On the walls are a few paintings—expensive-looking. Here and there is a piece of massive, if not always ornamental, statuary. In one corner stands a great rectangular counter, behind which a dozen men in white coats are busy all afternoon and evening ministering to an endless array of thirsts. In the center of the space the bar encloses is a high refrigerator table, its top graced by the figures of a bull and a bear, between which is a tiny lamb, all in bronze. Between the two emblems of Wall Street

and the lamb are vases of flowers. The significance of the ornamentation will be explained further on. There is no time now.

The crowd surges in. Everyone struggles to get a foothold on a brass rail that runs around the bottom of the bar. Sometimes the gang is ten deep, all pressing toward that common goal. On every face is written strong resolve. Each man pushes forward until some drinker who has been monopolizing a coveted spot falls or otherwise gives way; and then, with something like a shout, the late-comer, if he is a good squirmer or ducker, wiggles into the place thus vacated, stepping, perhaps, over a prostrate body, to claim the drink he yelled for while still a Sheridan's ride away.

"*Ad astra*" was the motto of the crowd. If it wasn't Martel's Three Stars or Hennessy's Five, it was a cocktail or a highball. The fancier drinks came later in the day.

It should be stressed that the scene described was typical only of hours when the room was overcrowded, as it frequently was toward six o'clock of an afternoon, when men would come in who acted as if they had only one aim in life, and that was to get outside of a drink, and with no delay. Frequently, as intimated, their chances improved when some "tank" at the barside had filled to overflowing and had to be either carried or led away.

But, be it also emphasized, that Bar was not regarded as a place of "ill-repute." In its early days, particularly, men of the highest reputation frequented it; some never went from their offices downtown to their homes without calling in for at least an appetizer—or something to

make them forget the worry or turmoil of the day's work. There were no screened doors. Anybody could look in, and most every man who entered the Waldorf in those days did look, at least once. It was known all over the country; in mining camps from Mexico to Alaska, it evoked recollections of tastes and odors that parched many a throat. As a matter of fact, its fame was world-wide.

Mecca of the Thirsty Pilgrim

Visitors to the Old Waldorf during its latter days found difficulty, did they seek to recreate the picture of that great hall where Bacchus so long drew his greatest throngs of pilgrims and devotees, and where such, in turn, drew inspiration of the widest variety boasted by the elective courses offered by the American School of Drinking. Here was long a sort of fountain head. Here, cleverly conceived by masters and put together by experts skilled to such a degree that with eye or a deft motion of a bottle they could gauge the flow of an alcoholic liquid to the fraction of a drop, new drinks were composed, tested, and then offered to tickle jaded palates, or to relieve headaches and other aftermaths of excessive inebriation that had sought relief elsewhere in vain. Not along the whole length of Broadway, from the Battery to the northernmost goat-grazed Harlem cliff, could one pounce upon a pick-me-up of such potency as members of its faculty could deliver, and often did, to the student who was ready to fall at their feet and drink. That pick-me-up, research reveals, consisted of "two dashes of acid or lemon phosphate, one-half a jigger of Italian Vermuth,

one-half of Absinthe, shake and strain." The "shake" was a direction, and so was the "strain." But once the student had swallowed his lesson, he would find himself able to stand up and order a real drink.

Now where has that pick-me-up gone? Why, not only is the Vermuth proscribed, but Absinthe has been illegal for many years; and who the dickens remembers what a "jigger" was? A word of similar sound still survives in territory contiguous to wild blackberry or huckleberry patches down South, but—I speak from personal experience—it means something quite different from the modest containers that were used in bars for the measurement of certain liquors, when prescriptions—then known as recipes—were to be carefully compounded. And no doctor wrote those recipes.

To revert to the difficulty of reconstructing the Barroom in later years, a humidor had been built on the spot mostly occupied by the great bar counter, and ex-tanks who came and looked through a once popular doorway often could not remember which was the proper direction to cast their sighs of regret. The back entrance from the lobby—past the telephone switchboard—with its inviting facilities for gentlemen whose capacity had been stretched, had been closed, and here young women armed with pencils and typewriters were taking dictation from industrial, financial, railway and legal magnates, so classed. Across the room and against a partition were desks for various managerial heads and factotums. And when one's eye reached that partition they had embraced only half of the room where for decades thirsty disciples had learned or libationed from eight in the morning until

closing time. The second part of the great oak-wainscoted hall had been converted into a bus station, and there one bought tickets for Montclair, the Oranges, and other points in New Jersey, or else for New Haven and other way stations to Boston.

Laboratory of Bacchic Endeavor

Some of the decorations of the temple remained. For example, two great Egyptian-like bronze figures still stood one on either side of the private entrance to the Jade Room, which did not look like a door at all until you found the handle—not easy for one who had lingered over his liquor. Then there was still one picture, "The Ballet Dancer," which in that long-past age referred to probably inspired more toasts than any other single painting in the world; which turned more men in the direction of art-connoisseuring than any other example of high art known, and whose legs and lingerie caused far more comment and centered more scrutiny than all the cigarette pictures of stage favorites in tights that used to help sell "coffin nails," as they were termed, during the days when "The Ballet Dancer's" reign was being established. On the opposite wall hung the big copy of Paolo Veronese's "Wedding at Cana, in Galilee," for the delectation of those whom liquor puts or leaves in an attitude proper for the contemplation of religious subjects. High above the paneling still hung some of the elks' heads with which the late George C. Boldt adorned the place, now, in the old hotel's last stages, looking moth-eaten, if not somewhat unsanitary.

But when that laboratory of Bacchic endeavor was in its heyday, students came from far and wide—from all corners of the globe. They flocked about the rectangular Bar counter and drank deeply of what was good stuff, if not wisdom. As soon as the first bartender appeared in the morning, before even arranging the multitude of glasses of various sizes and shapes on the "high altar" that took up the central space of the rectangle, he must satisfy the demands of at least half a dozen accumulated patrons, either for breakfast appetizers or for something to take away what was left of the jag of the night before. From five o'clock in the evening until eight, the room was jammed at its tables and at its counter, and latecomers, whose "innards" were sending out an S.O.S., found themselves impeded in their progress toward satisfaction by S.R.O. conditions. In order to reach that bar, men struggled and pushed and sometimes exchanged blows.

During those three hours named, the Waldorf Bar was Wall Street moved bodily uptown for an adjourned session of the Stock Exchange, with men betting on how stocks would perform the next day. In one discreet corner a ticker kept clicking off news. Here market pools were often formed. Here were to be found men who were willing to bet on anything, and to any amount. Financiers and market operators, with names that gained newspaper front pages every day or so, clustered about the tables, or joined in the maggot-like surge that squirmed for a foothold on the substantial brass tradition that ran along the bottom of the counter. Some who once gained such a post of vantage never left until the Bar closed.

Inspirational Composition and Free Lunch

The like of the rectangular counter that graced the room, and what happened behind it, and before it, and passed over it, may never again be seen in this country—at least in our time. Many forms of beverage dated their origin to the inspiration of some clever Waldorf bartender. Or, perhaps, it was a translation of the passing fancy of a patron who wanted something different to drink, and entirely of his own conception. If the result met his expectations, he might thereafter call only for his own cocktail, or whatever it was, and the bartender, out of compliment, would christen the new drink after its godfather.

A school of drinking, and a distinctive one, the Waldorf's Bar undoubtedly was. And—which may surprise many—it was a real school of art—a school in which more than one connoisseur who has since spent hundreds of thousands in collecting paintings and sculpture got his first tuition from the pictures on the Bar walls, whose appeal was often emphasized by the cumulative influence of cocktails or highballs.

More than one middle-aged American who has survived into the era that has seen bootlegging grow into one of our most important industries, has reason to remember gratefully at least one feature of this particular American School of Drinking, and in which, perhaps, it was preëminent among institutions of similar learning. This was the free lunch table. There are many rich men in this land to-day, who, were they frank, could date their first acquaintance with Russian caviar to that gen-

erous board. There, too, many of them first learned of the superb succulence of Virginia "vintage" ham. As a matter of fact, the exoteric could there give the "once-over" to delicacies they had never before seen—or even imagined. No menu in puzzling French to mystify or confuse. The uninitiate saw what he saw, and what he fancied he could sample at his leisure. And spread out for his delectation—for he was free to choose, and to whatever extent—were light and savory canapés, thirst-provoking anchovies in various-tinted guises, and other delicacies; and there were substantial slices of beef or ham, ordinary as well as Virginia, and a wonderful assortment of cheeses of robust odors; not forgetting the crisp radishes and sprightly, delicate spring onions, and olives stuffed and unstuffed.

The temporary addicts of the lunch table were never disturbed, or rarely. Their meal ticket depended merely upon good conduct—supported, of course, by a good front. The occasional investment of a quarter in a bottle of beer—not necessarily spent before an attack upon the lunch table—served to keep them in good standing. By such an outlay as little as three times a week, a man could eat daily from that hospitable offering a luncheon that, served in one of the hotel's restaurants, would have set him back a good two dollars—and get away with it. And many so did.

The free lunch grew to be a part of every branch of the American School of Drinking. The table in the Waldorf Bar cost the hotel more than seventy-five hundred dollars a year. It proved excellent advertisement, for no inconsiderable slice of the hotel's profits came from the

sale of wines and liquors. And the Waldorf Bar had its imitators all over the land. Its free lunch table came to be a standard that many another establishment endeavored to equal.

Now the American School of Drinking has gone. It was real. It was distinctive. It was influential; indeed, dominating. And to-day, nowhere can we look upon its like. When we try to find it abroad, we discover only its influence, weakened by time, transplantation and imitation.

At home we look about us. What has taken its place? The drug store soda counter?

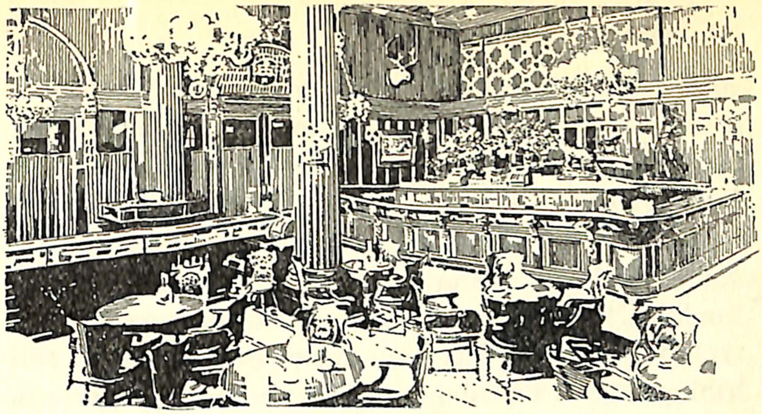
Stop, look, and listen.

At first glance you might think this popular institution an inheritance from a glorious, if bibulous, past. But scrutinize it. Boys and girls, and men and women, sipping soda fizzes and coca cola, or sopping up sundaes!

"But," you say, "look, they are eating! Does not that remind one of the free lunch counter?"

Decidedly, no! Nothing is free except a glass of ice water. And what you pay for in the way of food over that counter is far away from and behind what you could get free, without even asking for it, in the old Waldorf Bar. In that haven of the hungry and the thirsty, what you got without cost was always good and digestible. Could the same be said of the attack the drug store lunch counter is making upon the great American stomach?

No. The American School of Drinking has gone!



PART III

Hall of Fame

A tradition, established by the old melodrama, *Ten Nights in a Barroom*, since strengthened by much pulpit and other oratory, and aided and abetted by Congressional eloquence—not infrequently belched from "moist" throats for the satisfaction of the ears of ballot-boxes in parched regions—maintains that a barroom was a vile place. No man of any self-respect would venture thereinto, in broad daylight, without looking to right or left to make sure that nobody whose good opinion he valued was in sight. One is quoting a tradition.

Entrance to such a "gin mill" was gained through a pair of shutters, or by passing to one side of a shuttered screen. Loitering in the offing were shabby women and hungry children, aware that Father was inside, squandering in drink the money that should provide them with food and clothes. Finally, after their hours of vigil, Father would stagger out—or be thrown out. A timid wife would tearfully approach and beseech him to regard

his starving offspring. Father, his senses dulled from hours of steady absorption of "gin," would strike out blindly at some elephant or camel—or maybe it was an alligator or a hippopotamus—that had become outlined in the haze about him. A scream: "You have killed our child!" And over the prostrate body of the little one, a drunkard, if not too late, would take an oath and become a reformed man. Or if it was too late, he would drink and drink, and sink and sink, until he went to fill a grave in some Potter's Field.

Often, it must be admitted, there was a good deal of truth in the picture. The author makes no effort to minimize the harm done by the common saloon. But this treatise, or whatever it is properly called, does not concern the ordinary saloon. Nor, being more or less of an historical nature, will it attempt to gloss over certain stark and terrible truths that used to be common property.

But, be it repeated, one is not dealing with a common saloon, or any "saloon"—so-called. This is not an essay on prohibition. It deals with a unique institution; one not supposed to be patronized by heads of families who were unable properly to feed and clothe their dependents. One says "supposed" advisedly. The great majority of its patrons were men of means. Most of its customers resorted to it openly. They made no secret of their patronage. Some rather plumed themselves on being seen there. It gave them opportunity for mingling with the notabilities of the time—or at least, for herding with them.

Service was rendered with a distinction many establishments of a similar nature lacked. For example, in its

early days, a small, snowy napkin went with each drink, enabling a patron to remove certain traces from his mustache or his whiskers—heavy mustaches and whiskers were abundant—without toting home odors in his hip pocket, or wherever he carried his handkerchief. And while questions were not usually asked, men who bought drinks were supposed to be able to freight them away intact, and not to spill them, or to show other effects than a certain mellowness and good fellowship—though perhaps fluency in argument or reminiscence might be forgiven one who was standing treat. In brief, a gentleman was supposed to be larger than what he drank. The theory of the proprietor of the establishment was that all his patrons were gentlemen. And the theory was good, even if it didn't always work out in practice. The law was the law, and it was strictly obeyed in that Bar. If, nowadays, certain laws seem to be "all wet" when it comes to their observance—well, that is another matter.

The actual bar itself, a large, rectangular counter at the northeast corner of the room, as noted, had a brass rail running all around its foot. In its center was a long refrigerator topped by a snowy cloth and orderly arrangements of drinking glasses. At one end of this cover stood a good-sized bronze bear, looking as if it meant business; at the other end, a rampant bull. Midway between them was placed a tiny lamb, flanked on either side by a tall vase of flowers. The whole decoration was a more or less delicate compliment to the heaviest patronage of the room at cocktail-time, wags claiming that the flowers were all the lamb—the innocent public—got after Wall Street's bulls and bears had finished with him.

Mr. Morgan's Daily Manhattan

To name the important figures that were to be seen at various times in that Barroom during its first fifteen or twenty years would be like setting down most of the names from various editions of Who's Who in America—excepting, of course, always preachers—and including a good-sized list taken from the British Who's Who and the Almanach de Gotha. Later, the place lost many of the head-liners that during its early years helped win it distinction. And from the first, one should stress that not every visitor to the Bar "crooked his elbow." The room was one of the real sights of New York.

Perhaps, its most famous patron during its first decade was the late J. Pierpont Morgan, the great financier. Morgan had started patronizing the old Café—the sit-down Bar that was the predecessor of the Bar that became famous. For some years after the new place with the brass rail was opened, he continued to call almost daily. But he seldom lingered. His habit was to come in after the close of the Market downtown and have Johnnie Solon, whose rôle will command later exposition, compose a Manhattan cocktail for him.

Two of the early frequenters of the Waldorf Bar, when it was in its chrysalitic, or "sit-down" stage, were William R. Travers, a well-known New York financier, and his close friend "Larry" (Lawrence) Jerome, a stock-broker in the days of the Jay Gould influence in Wall Street. Larry Jerome was famous in his generation as a wit. His son, William Travers Jerome, named after his bosom friend, through his big fight against Tammany Hall and his prosecution of the Thaw case, was to make the Dis-

trict Attorneyship of New York City an office of nationwide importance. Larry Jerome's niece, Jennie Jerome, had married Lord Randolph Churchill and had become a great favorite in London society. Her son, Winston, has been in the British public eye as continuously as any other statesman during the last twenty-five years.

The elder Jerome's *bon mots* were as much quoted by New Yorkers in the Eighties and Nineties as Irvin Cobb's stories, "Odd" McIntyre's and Walter Winchell's wisecracks, and the gossip in the *New Yorker* are retold today. Sometimes those sayings of Jerome's were not essentially humorous, for his reputation as a wag was helped by a stutter that tended to make anything he said sound funny. One story, often credited elsewhere, originated with him.

He was riding up Fifth Avenue in a crowded bus, which kept bounding from cobblestone to cobblestone in the fashion Fifth Avenue buses frequently affected in the wake of trotting horses. In order to make room for another passenger, he made his little son sit upon his lap. When the bus stopped at the next corner, in came a beautiful young woman.

"G-g-get up, m-m-my s-s-son, and g-g-g-give the y-y-young l-l-lady your s-s-seat," said the elder Jerome.

* * * *

In the days before he was made Chairman of the Board of the newly formed United States Steel Corporation, and thus elevated to what was long perhaps the most commanding position in the industrial world, Judge Elbert H. Gary was often seen in the Bar. Later on, the prominence of his job and its dignity may have had effect

in inducing Judge Gary to keep himself aloof from a spot where he might become the prey of too many persons with questions to ask, or favors to seek. Judge Gary was one of the biggest buyers of wine—particularly champagne—that the hotel ever numbered among its customers, but most of it was not served in the Bar. Later on, he developed into an ardent supporter of prohibition—for the working man.

Two-Time Warwick

Two men who occasionally sat at a table in a remote corner were very much in the public eye during the late nineties, and one for years later. The big man in the baggy, homespun suit, during McKinley's last presidential campaign, figured more extensively in the news, the editorials and the cartoons, than did the candidate himself. He was Senator Marcus Alonzo Hanna—not "Marcus Antonius" or "Marcus Aurelius," as some reporters used to write his name. However, it was usually abbreviated to "Mark A. Hanna."

Hanna was a merchant, iron-master and ship-owner of Cleveland, who, in 1896, had taken under his wing William McKinley, father of a famous tariff bill, and by applying the principles of "big business" to a political campaign, twice made him President of the United States. Often seen with Hanna, in the early days, according to a surviving barman, was the Vice-President of the United States. It was not an uncommon practice in those days for a Vice-President of the United States to take a drink and admit it. Senator Hanna was very temperate. His son, Dan, was a more frequent patron of the Bar for many years.

Almost anybody familiar with newspaper pictures would recognize the face of at least one of two white-mustached men who, on rare occasions, might be seen there, in company. He was no less a personage than Mark Twain, the humorist; and yes, that extremely well groomed man with him was H. H. Rogers, of the Standard Oil Company, who became, in the humorist's later years, perhaps his closest intimate. Perhaps they had just stopped in to "pass the time of day" with a friend or two.

Over there at the bar-side might be pointed out Peter Fenelon Collier, an Irishman, who, coming to America poor many years before, had founded a great publishing house and a magazine, and had bought himself a big castle in his native country. His son and successor, Robert Collier, was frequently seen in that room.

Before he became Vice-President of the United States, United States Senator Charles Warren Fairbanks, of Indiana, was occasionally discovered among the crowd of notabilities in the Bar. Senator Fairbanks, while perhaps not what might be described as picturesque, invariably attracted attention wherever he appeared, even in a crowd which was apt to contain so many individualistic and striking, or decorative varieties of men or costume. A tall, thin man he was, with curious chin-whiskers and an expression of supernatural gravity that frequently led strangers to mistake him for an undertaker. Being so tall, it is not odd that he should have been ignorant of what was lying at his feet one night, not in the Bar, but in Peacock Alley. Evidently, George C. Boldt, the hotel's proprietor, who was talking with him at the time, had relaxed his usual vigilance.

It was about half an hour before midnight. A bellboy, whose eyes, for once, missed less than those of the proprietor of the hotel, found his gaze stopped by a glitter coming from a point immediately between the great left foot of the former Vice-President and the very much smaller right foot of the hotel man. He went over to them, stooped and picked up a diamond ring of considerable value. Knowing that Mr. Boldt never wore diamonds, he asked the Vice-President if the trinket belonged to him.

Morals Above Diamonds

Senator Fairbanks looked at the ring, then at the boy, and then quizzically at Boldt.

"My morals," he said slowly, "have always been above such a thing as diamonds."

Boldt laughed. Always ready to make a good impression upon distinguished visitors, he then and there gave the bellboy a liberal reward. The ownership of the ring was traced to the late Governor Frank Brown, of Maryland, who was stopping in the hotel, and from him the boy collected another and more substantial reward. Governor Brown was long a good customer of the Bar.

* * * *

In that room a good roster of the most prominent statesmen and politicians of twenty-five to thirty years ago might have been checked off; and some who still rate as politicians and statesmen of wide renown, if they did not sit at the feet of their tutors when in that room, took counsel of them in the Men's Café, across the corridor. But in recollection, one cannot stop to assign faces to a particular period. There is too nearly a sea of them.

However, coming down through the ages, as it were—that is to say, from 1897 to the early days of the war—let us follow Time's spotlight as it focused here or there.

The Congressmen who used to find the way to it when they came over to New York were almost too numerous to mention. Here are just a few senators—some seen rarely, some often in the crowd, and most of them dating years back. For example: Edward O. Wolcott, of Colorado, known to be a good patron of Canfield's exclusive gambling establishment in Forty-fourth Street; the aristocratic George Peabody Wetmore, of Rhode Island; the astute John Coit Spooner, of Wisconsin, one of the ablest of conservative republican leaders, and recognized as one of the spokesmen for both the McKinley and Roosevelt administrations; Joseph Roswell Hawley, of Connecticut, Civil War veteran, editor and member, in turn, of the House of Representatives and of the Senate almost continuously for more than thirty-five years. Senator Hawley should be canonized by authors as one of the original advocates of International Copyright.

Senator Matthew Stanley Quay, who, as republican boss of Pennsylvania, ruled politics in that State with an iron hand, in contrast with the method of Senator "Tom" Platt, the "Easy Boss" of New York State, dropped in at rare intervals, in the early days. His long-time lieutenant and the inheritor of his power, Senator Boise A. Penrose, was a far better patron of the Bar. He was a frequent visitor to the Waldorf. Often he preferred to drink in isolation. He was what was called in those days a "lone drinker," needing no other company than a bottle and a glass and his own thoughts. This same exclusive-

ness applied to many of his meals. He often ate in the Men's Café, across the corridor. To attendants he maintained an attitude of intolerance. If he was in a bad humor—a not infrequent condition—the waiter who served him must leave the food on the table, and immediately move away. Penrose would not touch food as long as the waiter hovered about.

Here might be mentioned General Benjamin F. Tracy, who, after serving as Secretary of Navy in President Harrison's Cabinet, resumed a successful law practice in New York. A man of vigorous health and personality was General Tracy, and distinguished-looking as well. At the age of eighty-three, he was still arguing cases, appearing before the United States Supreme Court for that purpose.

Senator Stephen B. Elkins of West Virginia was sometimes numbered in the crowd, but not often. His sons, "Dave",—who followed in father's footsteps and, after an interval, succeeded to his seat in the Senate—and "Steve", proved more ardent customers. Their grandfather, Senator Gassaway Davis, of West Virginia, was an occasional visitor during the early days of the Bar.

Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles, U.S.A., always a heroic figure, even when out of uniform, headed the roster of army men who occasionally came in to satisfy a thirst; and the United States Navy was more than once ably represented by Rear Admiral "Bob" Evans. Of course, Evans wasn't the whole Navy, and he was by no means the only member of our maritime arm of defense who graced the place during its history. Remember, one is speaking of the Navy.

Almost every railroad man of prominence, in those early days, could be discovered in the Bar at some time or other. One recalls, particularly, Melville E. Ingalls, head of the Big Four, and Oscar G. Murray, President of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. Murray was a regular patron when in town, but he would never permit a waiter to take his order, and he would let only one bartender mix his drinks—that is, after he came to know Johnnie Solon. Murray would seldom approach the barside, but when he sat down at the table and a waiter appeared, he would say, "Johnnie's got my order." By this time, Solon, having seen his particular patron enter the room, would be busy composing a Bronx cocktail. However, Murray had individual service. Instead of taking his drink from a cocktail glass, it would be served in a sherry glass, and the latter would be just half-full.

The black slouch hat of Colonel Henry Watterson, editor of the famous *Louisville Courier Journal*, and his gray mustache and goatee were not unknown in that room, nor were the "square-top" derby and generous features of Colonel William Nelson, proprietor of the *Kansas City Star*.

The newspaper world was also represented from time to time by many other distinguished journalistic lights. When the Associated Press and the American Newspaper Publishers were holding their annual meetings, the room would be packed with editors and publishers from all over the country. One often saw at other times, Thomas B. Wanamaker, son of a famous merchant, and himself owner of the *Philadelphia North American*, while Colonel James Elverson, Jr., who later succeeded his father as

publisher of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, would drop in during his frequent New York sojourns.

Occasionally in the throng of long ago might be seen Richard Harding Davis, the author, who, starting his career as a newspaper reporter, became so successful as a fiction writer and novelist, that heaven knows how many cub reporters of the period were impelled to emulate his example! Davis' manner, partly acquired from familiarity with London drawing-rooms and contacts with many socially prominent as well as intelligent people in many parts of the world, stamped him to many as a snob. Knowing him well over a period of years, and now confessing to have been among the cubs eager to follow in his footsteps, I may mention that this was a sensitive point with him. Particularly did it distress him that many newspaper reporters looked askance at him. He himself was disposed to be helpful to any newspaperman to whom he thought he could do a favor. And if he saw in a newspaper a story that struck him as particularly good, he made a practice of writing to the editor and saying so.

Davis sometimes did curious things. He was romantic. Once he and the young woman he was courting were an ocean and more apart, and what did he do but send a messenger boy from one side of the Atlantic to the other—in fact, all the way from London to Chicago—with a message, or package, for her! That was back in 1899. The boy, a lad by the name of Thomas Jaggers, was taken up when he arrived here, entertained, and showered with a publicity that must have proved startling to him, and back in London. And possibly Davis's books did not lose in sale on account of the romantic errand.

AND "THE DRUNK" CAME IN

A frequent visitor in the early days was John R. Drexel, member of a prominent Philadelphia family, who for many years has made his home abroad. He had a brother, Anthony, who became a resident of England in the days when few Americans were persuaded that the social advantages of the "tight little island" outweighed its climatic disadvantages. For a time "Tony" was better known than his brother John, enjoying the reputation of being a sort of "pal" of the then Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, who was frequently entertained on Anthony's steam yacht *Margarita*.

John R. Drexel used to come over to New York frequently to attend the opera and other "functions" in which society was interested. In time he found his appearance in the Bar was apt to draw undesirable attention from persons who, in their cups, wanted to tell him the story of their lives or, perhaps, borrow money. During one of his early visits occurred an incident that was probably responsible for a line that more than one vaudeville artist later used to his profit.

Boldt had installed on the various floors of the hotel young German bus boys—waiters' helpers—whose duty it was to supply floor service. These youngsters had been drawn from the crews of German steamers in port. What they did not know about the English language sometimes proved considerable.

Pneumatic tubes had been installed to accelerate messages between the office and the various floors. All orders were written, and shot up and down by air pressure. Clerks in the front office, who must translate the mes-

sages penciled by the German lads, often had their own troubles, as the writers were apt to spell English much as they spoke it.

Drexel had come from Philadelphia for an important social engagement. To save time, he had brought his trunk on his hansom all the way from the station in Jersey City. As he registered, he happened to look toward the door of the Bar. Issuing from it was a New Yorker, well known to him, who was a considerable rounder and, when in his cups, a great and tenacious bore. Drexel ducked for the elevator and convinced himself he had escaped the other's attention. But not so.

Immediately upon reaching his room, Drexel summoned a bus boy and told him to notify the office that his trunk must be brought up to his room immediately, as he wished to dress. Simultaneously, however, the New Yorker he had sought to avoid, but who had spied him, handed in his card downstairs to be sent up to the Philadelphian. The bus boy laboriously wrote out Drexel's message, but he transcribed it thus:

"444 (the number of Drexel's room) say send up de drunk." This message arrived shortly after the caller's card had gone up.

The puzzled clerk on duty at the tubes downstairs scratched his head over it. He showed it to every clerk in the office. None had heard about Drexel's trunk. The Philadelphian was on good terms with all in the front office, and was in the habit of exchanging chaff of some of them. In view of that fact, the consensus of opinion was that the scrawled order referred to the caller, and that it was to be taken literally.

The clerk who had sent up the card therefore turned to the caller.

"Mr. Drexel would like to have you come up," he said.

A few moments later, when Drexel shouted "Come!" in response to a rap on his door, instead of a trunk borne by a husky porter, in staggered the "drunk."

Herman Oelrichs, agent for a big German steamship company, was a good patron during the first few years of the Bar; and William N. Wood, head of the American Woolen Company, was only one of a large number of notable industrialists who were often button-holed in the place.

Foxhall Keene, son of James R. Keene, famous market operator and race horse owner, and himself one of the foremost American polo players early in the century, would drop in with a number of friends. Clarence Mackay at that time was a very popular patron, not only because of a pleasing personality, but because he always gave generous tips. E. Berry Wall, known as the "King of the Dudes," could sometimes be seen wiping his long mustache after a libation at the Bar; and in contrast with his slender figure the next man to him might be the portly Colonel William H. Roe, manufacturer of woolen goods, but incidentally a connoisseur of wines and a big buyer at the bar-side.

"Joe" Leiter, son of a famous Chicago merchant, and brother of two beautiful women who married well-known or titled Englishmen—himself a big speculator in grain—was to be seen frequently. George A. Huhn, a banker from Philadelphia, was well known there-

abouts, as was "Tim" Woodruff, some time Lieutenant Governor of the State of New York. Price McKinney, of Cleveland, a prominent figure in the steel world, in the Bar was better known as a racing man. With the head of a well-known chain-store system, he owned an important stable, and McKinney, though it was not current property at the time, was one of a small group that acquired control of the race track at Juarez, over the Mexican border from El Paso.

While Colonel William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," clung to the old Hoffman House as long as his friend, Ed. Stokes, was its proprietor, he used to drop into the Waldorf Bar, and there one might discover him at a table surrounded by a lot of admirers.

Cody, with his wide-brimmed hat, long mustache and goatee, and in the old days wearing a Prince Albert coat, presented a handsome figure and one which eyes seldom failed to follow.

Men liked to invite Colonel Cody to "have one" with them, and it is not on record that he ever refused. In accepting such an invitation, he followed an invariable formula.

"Sir," he would respond heartily, "you speak the language of my tribe."

One day some twenty years ago, Colonel Cody was found sitting on a bench that used to stand opposite the bill clerk's window. He looked worn out. "Just come from Arizona," he said, "and, mind you, after that long journey, I can't get a room. And here I've been coming to the Waldorf for years. They say the hotel's full, and I guess I had better go in and get break-

fast. But, say, when I found out I couldn't get a room, it suddenly came to me that I didn't have one single, clean, boiled shirt in my baggage, and tonight I've got to go to a dinner where I just must wear a white shirt. I didn't want to buy a new one. Well, at the desk they connected me by telephone with the laundry. There they told me it would take two days. That wouldn't suit me. So I said to the fellow, 'Look here, I've got to have a shirt tonight. If I don't get it, I'll run through your hotel naked.' And, by George, sir, he promised me a shirt'."

Bread and Milk for Gates

John W. Gates, of "Betcha-a-million" fame, and his bosom friend, Colonel "Ike" Ellwood, appeared in the Bar, occasionally, though Gates' favorite hangout was the Men's Café, across the hall. With them when he came to New York almost invariably trailed Colonel John Lambert, sometime warden of Joliet, Ill., penitentiary, but president of the American Steel & Wire Company at the time of the formation of the Steel Trust. In the Gates aura, too, one would discover John A. Drake and the latter's brother-in-law, Theodore P. Shonts—that was before he was made chairman of the Panama Canal Commission—and Loyall L. Smith, a millionaire who had once been a Chicago newsboy. And while its owner was a strict teetotaler, the moon-face of Diamond Jim Brady, brass fittings salesman, gormand and dinner party impresario, could be seen circulating among the crowd, as he buttonholed this or that "Big Feller," the orb illuminated by forty to a hundred carats of diamonds or emeralds, or sapphires,

or whatnot, that glowed or gleamed from an expansive shirt front or a particularly noisy necktie.

To return to Gates, whatever his associates may have been, he was not a hard drinker. When he played, if he drank it was in moderation. He had a habit of appearing in the Men's Café, across from the Bar, about midnight and sitting down to a supper composed of milk and bread or milk and crackers. Whatever form of gambling might have been engaging his evening's attention—whether poker or bridge or baccarat or what not—he would seldom vary this menu.

One night, among the crowd which was sitting in the Café, the sole topic of conversation was a report that that day Gates had cleaned up a "cool million" in the Stock Market. When he entered at his usual hour, a vociferous greeting met him. His friends, and those who like to be thought such, jumped up and milled about him to shake hands and offer congratulations. There were cries of "Come on, John, have just one drink with us!" "Say, John, I'll open a magnum, if you will drink with me!" "Hey, John, I come across some twenty-year-old Bourbon today! Come on, join us!"—and so on, and so on.

Gates merely waved the crowd away and sat himself at a table. Calling for the head waiter, he gave his usual order for bread and milk.

Gin Rickey Invented

Some have laid the invention of a beverage which among two generations has enjoyed wide popularity and considerable repute to the Waldorf Bar. This was the

"Gin Rickey." However, that Bar could justly claim no such honor; nor, as a matter of fact, could any spot in New York, though the man for whom the drink was named was long one of the Bar's most familiar figures.

Part of posterity has known him as Colonel "Jim" Rickey. His name was not Jim, but Joe. Colonel Joe Rickey had been a lobbyist in Washington, and as such used to buy drinks for members of Congress in the days before they had come to depend upon the discreet activities of gentlemen in green hats to keep them wet while they voted dry. During a spell of torrid weather, the brain of one of the barkeepers at Shoemaker's, a famous drinking place, expanded to such an extent that he invented a new drink—by squeezing limes into gin, and hosing the result with a siphon. Colonel Rickey was one of his favorite patrons, and as he was the first man who happened in after the birth of the concoction, the "barkeep" announced to him that he had perfected what in those days was an equivalent of a "wow," and would he try it?

Colonel Rickey was "agreeable." He quickly tossed off the offering, smacked his lips, announced that it "hit the spot," and demanded another. Whereupon the barman denominated the drink the "Gin Rickey." Subsequent years saw the invention of the "Rye Rickey" and the "Scotch Rickey."

Colonel Rickey was said to be the first importer of limes, in quantity, into this country. His activities in that direction may have antedated the invention of the Gin Rickey, as described, or it may have been that the compliment paid him by the Washington bartender de-

cided him that the importation of a fruit of such potential popularity might prove a profitable occupation.

In New York, Colonel Rickey's favorite Bar and lobby had been in the Hoffman House, but he soon found the Waldorf. In the early days of the brass rail Bar, his long, gray mustache and black slouch hat caused him often to be mistaken for Mark Twain. However, he wore glasses. He would turn up in the Bar at cocktail-time and would help shut it at one o'clock in the morning. That, however, never meant curfew to Colonel Joe. He had a lien on the pint of rye, which, with an equal quantity of Scotch, was cached by the night manager of the hotel for the salvation of thirsty patrons of the hotel who would turn up after hours with news that they simply must have a drink, or die. And Colonel Joe would see that he got his share of salvation.

Richard Croker, Tammany leader, and "Charlie" Murphy, his successor, might be seen at one of the tables, once in a while, but that Bar was no place for secrets, and they soon transferred their patronage to a table in the Men's Café.

We Have With Us To-day

In that flock of faces that, during the early years of the century, swarmed thickest toward six o'clock, appeared more than one that have since become familiar throughout the country and wherever illustrated newspapers are read. Just two may be here noted.

While it is safe to say Silver Dollar Smith's saloon, its floor paved with "cartwheels," as the dollar silver coins used to be called because of their size and weight,

was a favorite gathering-place for politicians on the East Side; and any place where Big Tim Sullivan, Tammany Boss of the Bowery and the area contiguous, planted his "number nines" was good enough, as a rule, for anybody with political ambitions and of the same political faith, still nobody who kept needing bigger political B. V. D.'s was apt to limit himself to association with the neighbors in his precinct or Assembly District. As his horizon broadened and his contacts increased, he would be sure to discover, first, the Hoffman House, whose bar was a great loafing place for Democrats, and then the newer and more fashionable Waldorf. Big Tim himself was occasionally seen in the Waldorf Bar, but Big Tim long ago went on, and these two, particularly, who used to appear there occasionally, are still alive and apparently going very strong.

At one corner of the bar counter was observed, one afternoon many years ago, an extremely youthful, slender, and particularly dapper young man, whose clothes were cut in a fashionable mode, with some of those improvements Broadway has been known to add to the men's fashions of the hour. Every time the young gentleman would speak half a dozen men about him would roar heartily.

"Who is it?" one asked.

"Why, that's 'Jimmie' Walker. Everybody knows Jimmie. He's up at Albany, you know. They say Boss Murphy thinks he's a coming man and will go far. Why, you ought to know about Jimmie Walker. Haven't you heard that song, 'Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?' Jimmie wrote it. They say Tin Pan Alley came

near getting him, but Tammany needed him too much."

The Waldorf, however, was not Jimmie Walker's favorite place of refreshment when he affected Fifth Avenue. When he discovered Sherry's for himself, with its quieter and more exclusive atmosphere, his close friends, who had been told he was not to be found at any of the political hangouts, might chance upon him there, during one of his runs down from the State Capital. As a matter of fact, one recalls first making his acquaintance at Sherry's bar.

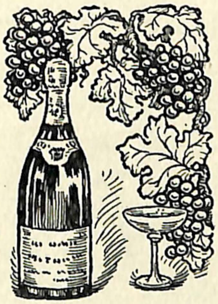
The other figure was seldom seen at any time in the Bar. But it *was* seen there. More apt to be found, it was, however, in the Men's Café, when Boss Croker and Charlie Murphy were "receiving" at one of its tables. He was a good-looking young man, smooth-faced, quick-eyed, though his most prominent feature, perhaps, was a nose of the build that expresses determination. He didn't seem to be in the habit of saying much when in the Waldorf in those days, but he did appear to be doing a good deal of listening—and observing.

Ex-Governor Smith, if he reads this book, will probably learn for the first time of one prediction made about him years ago. It was one Tuesday night in 1916—the month one does not recall. The bi-weekly dinner dance, a formal occasion at which George Boldt himself always presided as host to a party of his favorite patrons and a few other friends, was to take place that evening in the South Café, adjoining the Bar. Boldt stopped me in the corridor as I was going home to dress.

"Will you preside at my table tonight?" he asked. "There is something going on upstairs that I wouldn't

miss for anything in the world. It is a dinner in honor of the new Sheriff, Mr. Alfred Smith. Most of his friends call him 'Al.' I am very fond of him and I wouldn't let anything keep me from attending. You know," he added, cocking his head on one side, as was his habit, "I believe he is a man who will go very far."

Just how far Al Smith was to go, Boldt perhaps did not guess. In view of the real admiration and warm personal interest that Boldt seemed to feel for the young politician, it is a curious working out of fate that Al Smith, some sixteen years after that conversation, should open, on the spot where long stood the old Waldorf, a great building which, after all, to many who knew and loved the old hotel, more than anything else serves as a monument to what, for at least twenty years, was a real American institution.



PART IV

Bar Patterns

WHAT now seems an almost incredible proportion of the brokers and operators in the Wall Street of twenty-five to thirty years ago—at least such as were family men—had homes in the immediate vicinity of the Waldorf, Westchester and Long Island and uptown apartments not yet having come into widespread vogue as dwelling places for Wall Street. "Cocktail-hour" drew a real majority of them to the Waldorf Bar. Whether they drank or not, there they knew they would find men they wished to see. Often one would discover "room-traders" like Jakey Field and Bernard Baruch in the crowd, and the two Wasserman brothers, who were heavy speculators, were invariably present. Jay Carlisle, the Wrenn brothers—one of them a famous tennis player,—"Charlie" Knoblauch, the rough-rider, were often pointed out, and William D. Oliver, stock-broker, whose name is now perhaps a memory only to a few middle-aged or doddering old gentlemen, but then everybody's relative! For "Billie" Oliver, as some called

him, was familiarly known to most of a wide acquaintance as "Uncle Bill." A corpulent, cheery figure he was, always ready with a smile and a pleasant greeting—and thirsty!

Many of these cocktail-hour patrons were hosts at tables. As a rule, they actually drank cocktails at that time, Martinis and Manhattans being most popular. That was before the "Clover Club" had won in New York temples of thirst a wide but short-lived popularity. Very few fancy drinks were served at cocktail-time. There were many customers, who would stand up to the bar with a group of friends, and before they moved away would gulp down five or six Manhattans or Martinis in succession. A big banquet in the hotel would fill the Barroom at midnight, for whatever they had had upstairs of cocktails, champagne, and liqueurs, many men must have, in those days, a nightcap. Often, it took several to get them properly "habited" for bed.

The "Waldorf Crowd"

During the last ten or fifteen years of its existence, though its mantle was being parted by such popular establishments as James B. Regan's "Forty-second Street Country Club" (as the Knickerbocker Hotel Chapter of the American School of Drinking was known), the Belmont Bar, so popular with commuters on the New Haven and New York Central Railroads, and other more convenient hangouts for the thirsty, what was called "The Waldorf Crowd" was much in evidence in the room after the close of the market.

While lots of newspaper readers of the time thought by "Waldorf Crowd" was meant an army of speculators

and plungers headed by John W. Gates, the fact is, it consisted of a bare dozen men, and Gates was not of them. They constituted, for a time, the entire list of customers claimed by one of the brokerage offices in the Waldorf,—Benkhard & Company,—of which A. H. Cook was manager. So far as known, that office has not been paralleled in several particulars.

A small stock exchange in itself, it was exclusive. Actually, it had just twelve customers. Most of them spent the entire Market period—except at luncheon time—in its luxurious chairs, watching the ticker, swapping jokes, or dealing with one another. It adjoined the old South Café, or Grill Room, from which it was entered by a door faced with a mirror, not easy for the unfamiliar to locate. For luncheon, all the customers had to do was to come out of that door and sit down at tables, and at the close of the Market they had merely to cross the South Café, open another mirror-faced door and find themselves in the Bar.

Strangers were not welcome in that office. Anybody who didn't belong quickly found the way out, as a rule. Of the exclusive twelve, those whose names are recalled were E. E. Smathers, oil man and race horse owner, and then rated as the best poker player in the United States; "Joe" Elwell, famous later on as the author of "Elwell on Bridge" and whose mysterious murder some years later was one of those events the New York police have never satisfactorily cleared up—or, at least, so far as can be gathered from court records; John A. Drake, betting and race track associate of John W. Gates (both already mentioned); "Pete" Rogers, man-about-town;

A. B. Hudson; "Al" Dryrer, Burton S. Castles, who owned a great deal of New York real estate, and who specialized in cotton; John R. Keim, a jeweler; Joseph Moore, who was associated with William R. Hearst; and Clarence Fuller, known among his circle as the best tape-reader uptown.

For one long period, Steel was the stock most dealt in in that room, with Texas Oil a good second, though that occasionally divided interest with Mexican Petroleum. No wonder that the manager of the office was willing to take no more customers. That broker's dozen gave him all the business he could handle, individual operations sometimes running into what was then an amazing number of shares. The biggest lot ever bought or sold in that room was 70,000 shares of Steel. As a matter of fact, that lot was both bought and sold, because the deal was made right there in that office between two men. However, the sale had to be consummated through the Stock Exchange, and the House telephoned the orders down to its Stock Exchange member to be recorded, so that the transaction would be legal.

There was a good deal of buying and selling between individuals, but, of course, the transactions were not regular until the matter was put through the Stock Exchange. A deal would start by one man's reading the news one way, and another in another fashion. One would come in the office feeling decidedly bearish. Another would talk bullish. The bear would decide he wanted to get rid of a lot of Steel, or something else he had on hand. The bull would take him up. They

would watch the ticker, agree on the price at a certain point and, bingo! with the exception of the Stock Exchange proceeding, the deal was made. The office saw a lot of such cross-transactions of purchasing and selling, personal, in effect. As a matter of fact, the crowd was like one big family. All knew each other by their front names, and Benkhard's branch was just like an exclusive club, but with something going on all the time. That office, according to its manager, used to make a net profit of a million dollars a year. One must handle a lot of stock for those days to make that much money. As soon as the market had closed, somebody in the crowd would remember that it was time for refreshment, and a procession would empty the office and head for the Bar.

In almost constant attendance after office hours one would note the Housman brothers, brokers, and E. W. Slattery, who was manager of a brokerage office. And on days when there was no matinée, one would invariably discover Frank Hennessey, manager of the old Casino Theatre, who, after this long lapse of time, is still an active student of the stock-ticker. Hennessey still claims never to have taken a drink of alcohol in his life; he admits, however, that in those days he was the greatest consumer of "pop" that ever had to manage chorus girls. In the same circle in the Bar with Hennessey one often saw "Joe" Gatins, an Atlanta millionaire, who was rumored to be a heavy operator in the cotton market.

* * * *

As has been indicated, this will prove no directory of patrons. One could use up as many sheets as a New

York telephone directory contains, and still not be able to get them all in. The crowd has been compared to a "Who's Who." Often, it contained a lot of "Who Wasn't." No list of references was required for admission; no card; nothing, as a matter of fact, beyond a fairly decent appearance, or one that advertised ready money. If a detective who was supposed to keep his eye on the crowd happened to be off guard, others slipped in. Questionable characters and crooks, for example. But even a Waldorf sleuth would be slow to deny admission to Dr. John Grant Lyman, promoter of a notorious zinc swindle during the early part of the century, for Lyman "looked like a million dollars," talked that way, and bought that way. True, they had prevented him from registering during the hotel's early days, but for years he proved a good customer of the Bar, and no doubt there found many an ear ready to drink in his "blue sky" chants.

Professional Revolutionists

Not infrequently, revolution-experts were of the company present—men who were the heads or members of organizations that stood ready, at the drop of a hat, or upon receipt of a code cable, to start up trouble in any Latin-American country, provided the price was forthcoming. Gun-running was at one time a remunerative, if sometime hazardous vocation—some spelled it "avocation"—in the Caribbean and along the West coast from Nicaragua down. One dealer in ammunition and guns owned, or leased, an island up the Hudson, which was reported to be well stocked with the latest

war material of the day. This could be promptly dumped into the hold of a chartered "tramp" and headed wherever trouble was brewing.

Every gold rush was followed sooner or later by an influx of rough-looking men wearing wide brimmed hats —and more than once, cowhide boots—and the air would resound with tales of "big strikes" and of "prospects" that promised big, and whose performances later made a big hole in many a speculative bank account. Cripple Creek, for example; Alaska, Tonopah—all paid tribute to Boldt's Bar. And those miners wanted the most expensive drinks. Champagne was their first thought.

Opportunities offered by the assemblage of so many men who were making easy money in mining, or in "The Street", were too pregnant to be resisted by certain purveyors of luxuries. At least one noted dealer in uncut precious stones always drifted in to scan those whose actions or talk indicated they had been lucky in the market, and he usually did a thriving business because, in those times, men who had made money on "flyers" were apt to have their lighter moments. That crafty psychologist derived considerable profit from persuading such that one way to celebrate their good fortune was to select a costly trinket for the lady in the uptown flat. And invariably in the gathering were to be discovered a full half-dozen gentlemen whose specialty in trade was either high-priced art or antiques. To their activities amid those inspirational scenes one who used to know most of the local art merchants and many of the imported ones has often dated the rise of the passion for art-collecting which became so wide-

spread and violent during the early years of the century. More than once, however, the yearning for the acquisition of "high art" instilled—or distilled—in that impregnated, if not perfumed, atmosphere, was subjected to check and revision by experience and acquired knowledge of the subject; and more than one *nouveau* who used to brag about the "old masters" he had picked up, found excuse later on to subject his art gallery to a process of "weeding."

Waldorf bar prices will bring pleasing and maybe precious memories to those who are not unfamiliar with bills at night clubs and speakeasies and the varying ticker of the family bootlegger. Across the dry or dryish decades, one such may recall many stimulative cocktails—simple or complex—at twenty cents; whiskey highballs—help yourself from the bottle: no stinting measuring cups—twenty cents; domestic beer at ten cents a glass, and imported at fifteen; liqueurs and liqueur brandies, some of venerable years, from twenty-five cents to forty, depending upon age; with champagnes and other wines commandable from a list almost as long as a concise dictionary. And certain old-timers recall earlier and still cheaper prices, and tell you that when they raised the price of highballs from two for a quarter to fifteen cents each, it almost precipitated a riot.

The average price of cigars sold in the Bar was thirty-five cents, which meant that a favorite choice was either a "Corona Corona" or a "Fancy Tale." Both were favorites. Rich men with new money liked to smoke long cigars. Not a few dollar cigars were sold. That was a lot of money for a smoke in those days.

Two famous characters who patronized the Bar for many years, day after day, would remain until curfew hour. They were known to the crowd only as "Harry" and "Sherry." They would come in together and take a position at one corner of the counter and one would order the drinks. While these were being consumed, Harry and Sherry would stand with their heads close together, talking in whispers. The first drink dispatched, both would move a step onward, and from that coign of vantage order a second round, meantime continuing the whispering. This progression would keep on, step by step, until the bar closed; by which hour they would have reached the point from which they started.

The friendship of Harry and Sherry and their peculiar rite survived at least until the Bar was put out of business by prohibition. The two men were said to be artists. One died some years ago. The other, now looking more than four score, was seen in the lobby of the old hotel not long before it closed. Louis Dery, for years a cashier in the Bar and later the hotel's Credit Manager, watched him pause at the portal through which, for so many years, he had passed to spirituous exaltation. The famous altar of Bacchus, over which he had poured so many libations and spent with his friend so much time and money, had long disappeared and its site had been claimed by a humidor. The old man looked long at the spot where had stood the corner from which he and his chum had begun their daily circuits. Then he sighed, shook his head and tottered hurriedly out of the hotel as if he were fleeing from ghosts.

"There is Hope!"

A long-time figure was Dr. James M. Munyon, manufacturer and purveyor of a widely publicized line of household remedies. Dr. Munyon was a short, slender man, who usually affected a flat-topped white derby, with a black band. His favorite costume was a gray cutaway suit. His bushy hair, prominent features and upraised hand, his lips in the act of vocalizing "There is hope!" were familiarized by a tremendous lot of advertising.

Dr. Munyon was not a great drinker. He spent most of his time, when in the Bar, chatting with acquaintances. He did like a milk punch, however, and frequently thus refreshed himself alone. He had a well developed sense of humor; one used to think that he had gone to the same school earlier attended by P. T. Barnum.

One day, Johnnie Solon had just compounded for him his favorite personal prescription, and Munyon stood drinking slowly, meanwhile chatting with the barman. Finally, after some observation of the latter, Munyon said, shaking his finger, "Johnnie, you are just as big a faker as I am."

An almost daily customer for a long time was Dr. William H. Brocklemeyer, a nose and throat specialist, who, at a fixed hour in the afternoon, would come in to be joined by his friend, Henry E. Dixey, the actor, for a few rounds of appetizers. Many other actors made port there, or had a cocktail made for them on afternoons that were not matinee days. For example, Herbert Kelcey, a stage idol of the romantic young ladies

of the time, handsome and always correctly groomed, invariably chose the Bar as the goal of a solitary promenade down the Avenue. He would stop just long enough to have one little drink, and would then saunter out, strolling back up the Avenue. William H. Crane and Nat Goodwin, who had a drink named after him (*q. v.*), were "regulars," and Peter F. Dailey, popular comedian of the Weber & Fields show, and John T. Kelly, of the same Company, were often in rotund view, and occasionally one might spot the long, lanky figure of Dan Daly, another comedian, who helped make "The Belle of New York" famous. A much more frequent patron was Burr McIntosh, who deserted the stage temporarily to take up photography and publish a magazine. John Ringling, the circus man, was an occasional patron of the place, but the stout, good-looking youth who was seen there often during the last few years of the Bar was not one of his "attractions." He weighed more than three hundred pounds, but by everybody was called "Tiny" Longley. "Tiny" is said to have "reduced" since those days as a farmer in New England.

Beer Barons

The big brewers of the country invariably gravitated to the place at more or less regular intervals. One would frequently encounter such local beer barons, for example, as William Lemp, George F. Ehret, Jr., W. H. Beadleston, "Rudy" Schaeffer, and Colonel Jacob Ruppert, Jr.; and from over Newark way, a Ballantine would drop in frequently, to see how his product was going—and to take something else. Adolphus Busch,

of St. Louis, the most imposing figure of them all, with his great stature, large mustache and imperial, and wide-brimmed hat, seldom missed a call during his visits to New York; while a Wisconsin city would send the Pabsts, who, to quote their slogan, brewed the "beer that made Milwaukee famous."

John McGraw, manager of the New York Giants, was a great spender in the Bar, and so was Garry Hermann, equally famous and equally popular with McGraw in the baseball world. Neither of them would permit anybody else to buy drinks for the crowd so long as he was present. If a barman gave a drink check to anybody else when McGraw or Hermann was treating, he "got in Dutch."

The crowd at times would also be liberally decorated with "cauliflower ears," for a new pugilistic champion must always be brought there to be toasted and to be admired. And having found the way, he would come again. One has seen in the room, for example, Jim Jeffries, lanky Bob Fitzsimmons, and huge-chested Tom Sharkey, who owned a saloon in Fourteenth Street. Even John L. Sullivan, long the most famous fighter in the prize ring, used to drift in, white-haired and white-mustached, to amaze the curious, who found it almost incredible that the fine-looking old man, who, from his appearance, might have been a retired bank president, was really a noted "pug." And "Jim" Corbett would also be seen in the crowd, though Jim was not much of a drinker. He, too, had his own saloon, and just a block or so away, but Jim had many friends at the old Waldorf. There he impressed all who came into contact

with him with a feeling that his nickname of "Gentleman Jim" was well deserved. Jim would never let a barman, a waiter, a bellboy, a telegraph operator, or a telephone girl, do anything for him without a tip; and persons in a menial position are wont to measure manners by the yardstick of generosity.

One of the handsomest figures that graced the room in the afternoons and evenings was that of Emanuel Chappelle, a champagne salesman. "Manny," as everybody called him, was known in every restaurant and drinking palace where two or three were able to gather together and "open wine"—as was called the process of purchasing champagne. His portly figure, white hair and architecturally perfect features were familiar in restaurants and bars from the Washington Arch to what some called the Grant's Tomb Annex. He had been brought from San Francisco by Jim Corbett to take charge of the cigar counter in the latter's saloon, but now he represented one famous brand of champagne, and a tall lad by the name of Murphy sold another. They were rivals and they also had other rivals. It was not an uncommon happening for these purchasing salesmen to furnish a spectacle for the crowd by vying with each other in buying their own brands. The habit was to collect about their tables as many thirsty and appreciative drinkers as possible and start opening quarts, in rapid succession, and then continuing with "magnums." It was whispered about town that Manny, for such and similar purposes, had an expense allowance of twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

If any of these gentry had reserved a table in one of

the restaurants, a bottle of the brand he represented must stand upon it until he made his entrance into the room. It meant advertisement. From these propagandists for sparkling vintages, certain waiter-captains at the old Waldorf drew revenue, receiving a commission on every bottle sold, which ran, in some cases, to twenty-five per cent of the retail selling price, and even higher. The captains commandeered the corks, and upon presentation of the same to Chappelle or one of his rivals, would collect on the stoppers.

A tall, handsome man, with a large black beard, who wore at times a flat-topped black derby, but was also to be noted frequently in a silk hat, was Colonel T. J. O'Brien, who had been a local Dock Commissioner and who subsequently became United States Minister to Uruguay. A short, stout man buying for a group at a nearby table might be William J. Arkell, a paper bag manufacturer, who later went into the provision business, with very profitable results.

"Big Bill" Edwards, famous Princeton football player, was frequently pointed out to "tourists," as was Frank J. Walker, for many years starter for the Grand Circuit races. A bigger football hero of the time than Big Bill, if not bulkier, perhaps, was "King" Kelly, otherwise Addison Wiley Kelly, who was frequently seen in the Bar. Kelly was another of Princeton's great knights of the pigskin. The man drinking next you might be "Billie" Smith, former room clerk at the old Hoffman House, who had gone into real estate years before and found it profitable even in those days when many families still had homes in New York. "Billie"

Lennox, sportsman, and his partner, Frank Huntoon, frequently seen in the crowd, represented Wilson's Whiskey in these latitudes. That was before Huntoon took up aërated water and made a fortune out of it. Herman Ellis, also a patron of the Bar, had dipped into the same fizz water, and found it fine for accumulating wealth. He had previously made one fortune manufacturing all-tobacco cigarettes in Baltimore. A jeweler named Billings, who had a fine shop just across Fifth Avenue, was said to be one of the best patrons for Champagne cocktails that frequented the Bar.

A little man with a pointed beard turning gray, often noted in the Bar in company with M. M. O'Brien, president of a well known express company of the day, seemed to know almost everybody present, no matter when he came in. As a matter of fact, P. J. Casey, long titular "Mayor of Long Branch," knew almost everybody of prominence in New York in those days, and everybody liked him. Casey was an official of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and when Long Branch was a political center and had a race track and gambling establishments, and important messages were continually being received or forwarded, he had charge of the office down there, rendering such a high quality of service that many financiers and politicians felt themselves indebted to him. Indeed, many of his wealthy friends were really fond of "P. J.," as they called him. In the summer of 1907 or 1908, he turned up in London, in company with Miles O'Brien and the latter's uncle, Judge Morgan J. O'Brien, whose guest he told me he was during a European tour. "P. J." in official title,

never got higher than something like district superintendent for his company, but he was a diplomatist and an excellent salesman. And how many tangles he straightened out during his lifetime for politicians, statesmen, business men and average citizens who told him their matrimonial troubles, one could only guess who knew both him—and many he served.

Knights of The Palate

In the crowd, about the end of the first decade of the century, came to be noticed four or five men whose occupation, when disclosed, opened the eyes of many other patrons, who had not heard of such a job. They were tea-tasters, and got big salaries for the judicial exercise of their palates. They developed in time into champagne drinkers, and so exclusive were they, that they would patronize only the Hoffman House bar and the Waldorf. And, avers one who knew them, "Bright's," in time, got most of them.

Some of the new-money men and strangers who turned the handle of the south door, found in the Grill room certain novelties that awed them. At one end had been installed an elaborate "silver grill," as it was called, where patrons could view cooks in white caps and coats and aprons plying their trade. In the center of the room was an elaborate cold buffet, whereon, after the fashion in vogue in certain well-known restaurants abroad, one viewed an array of tempting cold dishes, in composition and decoration unfamiliar to many who looked upon them. But this was not all.

By the side of the buffet table was a pool, where real,

live fish disported themselves, brought every day in the year from a preserve in upper New York State. Every morning, four or five dozen sparkling trout were dumped alive into the pool, and for luncheon or dinner patrons could select their meal as it swam. If they wished, they could even catch it in a net, provided for this purpose. More than once it proved necessary to convince some insistent individual who had lugged a jag in from the barroom, that trying to land a trout with the hook of his cane, or by spearing it with the other end, was not at all *de rigeur* thereabouts. At least once, a man who had clamored to get into the pool and play that he, too, was a fish, had to be persuaded that "fish" in his case was a simile for his powers of imbition, not for his aquatic accomplishments. Some needed no more of a warning than to be told it was water the fish were swimming in.

Certain of the characters who affected the Bar had habits, or performed rites which used to interest the bartenders and the early-morning drinkers. One of such was the son-in-law of a former governor of New York. Before he went to breakfast in the Men's Café, he would stop in the Bar and demand a pony of brandy. This order he would repeat until six empty glasses stood on the counter in front of him. Then he would put the lot of them into his derby, carefully adjust the latter upon his head, and start dancing, the clink of the glasses making a curious melody. His dance over, he would replace the glasses on the counter, solemnly pay his check, and then go in for his morning meal.

Many an old habitué or employee recalls the prosperous-looking patron of that part of the hotel, whom

the uninitiate would set down as a banker or an industrial magnate, but who was never known to pay for a drink. Yet he probably swallowed as much at the counter or in the Barroom as its best customer during a long period of years. He was the original "yes man," for part of his pursuit in life was finding those who would buy him drinks and saying, "Same here!" One night a good-sized crowd of his hosts—or victims—decided to make him the butt of a bit of good-natured fun. One man after another would order drinks without paying the check. Finally, somebody commanded a round of ponies of brandy. Except the victim of the joke, each man then found excuse to slip out, until the other was left standing at the bar-side. Realizing suddenly that he stood alone, he himself turned to go, but the barkeeper intervened.

"Mr. Blank," he said, "how about paying the check?"

"What!" gasped the man, "didn't the others settle?"

"Not this time, sir," replied the barman. "I guess it's up to you to pay."

The involuntary host sighed. Then he gasped, for the checks proved to amount to more than eight dollars. The barman, who was "in" on the joke, kept him guessing until the other was ready to weep from anguish and mortification. Then he said in a whisper: "Mr. So-and-So has arranged to take care of the checks."

But a halt must be made somewhere. It used to be said that, except for gentlemen of the cloth, anybody who was anybody, or wanted to be thought somebody, or who wanted to find someone of financial or newspaper note, could be seen in that room or at its doorway,

sometime. If he didn't take a drink, he at least took a peep at the "menagerie"; and if the attraction was seldom lions, there were certain hours of the day when the room was packed with "bulls" and "bears."

Private John

To dismiss a recollection of a place where so much rude, ungainly and uproarious story-telling was done, but where, too, so much real humor came out under the stimulative effect of generously drunk spirit, without calling to mind one of its most decorative as well as most intelligent wits, would almost mean leaving the best egg out of this rum omelet. Up rises from a table at the farther end of the room a tall, slender man whose gray mustache bears evidence that the lingering traces of good liquor may be held too precious for desecration by a pocket handkerchief.

"Private John Allen to the bar!"

And "Private" John Allen never said nay to such an invitation.

The way he used to tell it, Congressman Allen—of Tupelo, Mississippi, suh!—had dubbed himself with the title by which he was invariably known. After the Civil War he found the South overrun with generals and colonels and majors, so that at encampments of Confederate veterans, when it seemed that everybody he met had commanded an army, a brigade, a regiment, or at least a battalion, while he himself had never risen above the ranks, he concluded he must be the only private of the Confederate Army who had survived the

conflict. So he chose for himself the title of "Private," and thereafter gave it distinction.

A man of great charm and an excellent story-teller, his friends used to say that had Allen taken up the pen, he must have proved no mean rival to Mark Twain. Once while engaged in a daily search for humor for the old New York Sun, I spent three enchanted hours listening to Private John and Harris Dickson swap yarns in the Bar. Dickson was a fellow-Mississippian, and no bad second to the other. Unlike him, however, Dickson put a good deal of his stuff into stories for the magazines.

Almost every member of Congress was Private Allen's friend. One proof is that when he got up in Congress and demanded that his home town of Tupelo, Miss., be made the site of a government fish-hatchery, they just handed him his wish on a platter.

Private John was a poker-player of considerable prowess, even if luck usually ran against him. Shortly before a session of Congress, his close friend, Colonel E. T. Brown, of Atlanta, would invariably receive a telegram that he was on his way to Washington, via Atlanta. Whereupon Colonel Brown would notify another resident of that city, and one of South Carolina. Upon Private John's arrival at Atlanta the four would go into a long session at one of the local clubs, whence frequently the Mississippian would continue his journey to Washington considerably lighter in pocket.

Old Green Rivah

Private Allen showed up at least once a year at the Waldorf, and his visits seldom continued less than three

weeks. One afternoon, Colonel Brown arrived at the hotel and, suspecting the whereabouts of his poker intimate, sought the door of the Bar. And, sure, enough, at his favorite table, the center of a group of attentive listeners, sat Private John Allen. On the table was a bottle of Old Green River whiskey. At Allen's right was a stout man, red-faced and with a tremendous mustache of a hue that matched. The other waved his hand and shouted, "Come right over, Colonel Brown!" As the newcomer approached, Private John arose.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this is Colonel Brown, of Atlanta, Georgia. Colonel Brown, suh, I wish you to meet Majah Soandso. Majah Soandso is the representative suh, of that wonderful, that potent, that seductive beverage—O-l-d Gre-e-n Rivah."

Colonel Brown sat and the bottle was passed around. Another was ordered and then another. Finally, Private John suggested: "Let's all go down to the Hoffman House."

A few minutes later, the party lined up at the long bar counter of that establishment.

"Gentlemen, will you indicate your preference?" Private John's voice invited. Each named his choice in turn. Finally the white-coated bartender reached the end of the line.

"And yours, sir?" he said to Private John.

"You may give me, suh," came the answer in a full, round voice that reverberated through the room, "some of that great liquah that is considered a boon in every well-regulated household—O-l-d Gr-e-en Rivah!"

The bartender inclined his head to one side. "I beg

your pardon, sir," he said. "I didn't quite catch that."

"I said, suh," Private John returned, "some of that beneficent, luscious, pervasive and persuasive liquah whose eloquence has chahmed a continent — O-l-l-d Gr-r-e-e-en Rivah!"

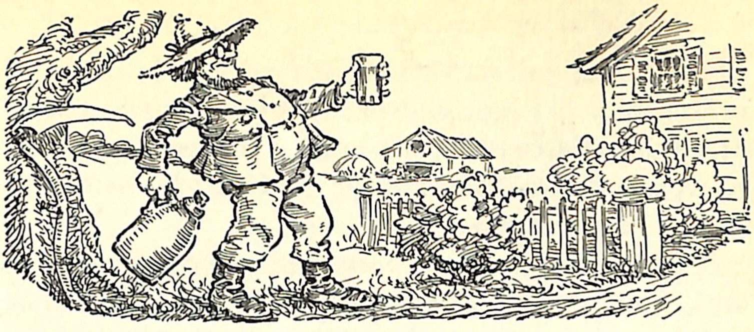
"I am very sorry, sir," the polite barman now returned, shaking his head. "We haven't such whiskey and I have never heard of it. But we have Old Crow, Y.P.M.—"

"What, suh?" bellowed Private Allen. "Do you mean to tell me, suh, that you haven't any of that famous, soul-inspirin' liquah; the joy of every American father, the pride of every American mother, and for which American children cry instead of for Pitchah's Castoria —O-l-l-l-d G-r-r-r-e-e-n Rivah?"

"I am sorry, sir," said the barman, "but we haven't it."

"Well, by Gawd," exclaimed Private Allen, his voice this time at its highest and most reverberant pitch, "you haven't got Old Green Rivah! Well, suh, I just refuse to drink in such a low-down place. Come on, fellahs!" And he led the way out of the barroom.

The next afternoon, Colonel Brown saw Private Allen and the red-mustached major in close communion just outside the Barroom entrance. The major slipped away. Private John said to Colonel Brown, with a chuckle, "Do you know, the Majah tells me he slipped into the Hoffman House Bar, this mornin', and sold 'em seventy-five cases of Old Green Rivah. Colonel," he continued, with a wink, "how'd you like, suh, for me to send you down a case of Old Green Rivah with my compliments?"



PART V

Faculty and Proctors

THE FIRST principal of this head chapter of the American School of Drinking, so to speak, was Michael Killackey, a colorful Celt, of rare wit, courage and persistence, whose official title was Wine Steward and Head Barman. He held that position for many years.

But there was one day not long before the Astoria part of the hotel and the brass rail Bar opened, when not only Killackey, but John Doyle, assistant steward of the hotel, trembled in fear of immediate decapitation. Their discomfort was attributable partly to a sudden severance of relations between the hotel and a bellhop named O'Reilly; partly to the facility with which "Johnnie" Kenny, a *Sun* reporter of those days, found and utilized "good copy."

O'Reilly, whatever his efficiency as a bellboy, was a lad of ready resource. Often he had to act as a guide in showing visitors about the hotel. If a stranger asked a question, O'Reilly was always ready with a reply, and the tales he had told of the origin and meaning of certain

things that struck the sightseers, overheard by members of the staff, were one night the subject of conversation at a dinner of heads of departments, presided over by no less a person than George C. Boldt himself, proprietor of the hotel.

When anecdote after anecdote had been told, up spoke Boldt. "I can match any of those yarns and mine is fresher than most of them," he said, in effect. Boldt later on conquered much of the accent then characteristic of his speech. "You all know Mr. Barclay Warburton, who is about to marry Miss Wanamaker, of Philadelphia. They came over here today to select quarters for their honeymoon. Naturally, I myself undertook to help them make a selection, and first I showed them the State Apartment.

"It so happened that at the same time what was apparently a party of schoolgirls was being guided through the building by this O'Reilly. You know the beautiful François I bed is in that suite. Well, O'Reilly and his party were in the bedroom when Mr. Warburton, Miss Wanamaker and I reached the drawing-room. The portières were not closed, so that everything that happened in the other room could be heard where we were. I became aware that O'Reilly was describing the bed as made of solid gold. And then, while I was gasping, I heard him add: 'Yes, young ladies, I was thinking what a wonderful nuptial chamber this would make.'

"You can guess the effect upon us who overheard. Mr. Warburton, of course, laughed outright, but Miss Wanamaker was very much embarrassed. I thought I should sink through the floor."

Killackey and Doyle were regular attendants at meetings of the Tenderloin Club, an organization composed largely of newspaper reporters, and which functioned in the neighborhood of the Tenderloin police station. Johnnie Kenny was usually there and he never missed anything worth telling in print. It was a great place for the exchange of yarns, and under the spell of good-fellowship and equally good beer, the two hotel men would recount the exploits of Bellhop O'Reilly. After the staff dinner referred to, they resorted to the Club, as usual and, of course, they must tell the latest and what proved to be their last O'Reilly story, for Boldt had that day discharged the bellhop as too gifted an interpreter of the Waldorf's magnificence.

Spread in the *Sun* a day or two later, Doyle and Killackey read all the doings of O'Reilly as they had told them in sequence at the Tenderloin Club. It so happened that shortly before the proprietor of the hotel had given strict orders against publicity. There had been too much of it, he had said, and his guests were complaining. That, be it stressed, was a different day from this in which we now live.

Killackey and Doyle spent an anxious morning. What would the Old Man say? And do? He was a person of singular acumen and they knew he could easily trace to them the story which, in its way, emphasized a defect in the hotel organization. They talked it over gloomily and wondered if they hadn't better look around for new jobs.

Boldt rarely came downstairs before noon. Both the Assistant Steward and the Wine Steward avoided the

spots where he usually appeared. In the lobby, during the afternoon, however, he happened to see Doyle first, and beckoned to him. Doyle approached, quaking in his boots. But Boldt was smiling.

"Oh, Mr. Doyle," he said with a chuckle, "did you see the Sun today?"

With a straight face but shaking inwardly, Doyle pleaded complete ignorance.

"Well, it's the funniest thing you ever saw," Boldt went on. "A story about one of our bellboys. I was so amused by it that I sent a copy to Mr. Astor (William Waldorf Astor, owner of the original Waldorf) who, I know, will get a good laugh out of it." Doyle immediately passed the good word to Killackey, and then for the first time that day the two were able to smile.

Thought She Knew Cocktails

On at least one occasion, Killackey proved to be a person of ready resource, justifying not only Boldt's confidence in him and in the quality of the liquor served in the hotel as well, but enabling the hotel proprietor to witness a demonstration that one who had disparaged his spirits had spoken out of turn. And that mistaken critic was Boldt's own wife.

Mrs. Boldt—a very charming woman she was—believed she knew the difference between cocktails. One day she said to her husband, "George, how is it our bartenders cannot make a cocktail as good as is served at the Holland House?"

The Holland House was a rival establishment a few blocks down Fifth Avenue, famous for its bar and the

latter's higher prices, as well as for the excellence of its cuisine.

Boldt immediately sent for Killackey. "Michael," he said, "Mrs. Boldt claims our cocktails are not so good as those served at the Holland House."

Killackey's eyes glittered. "Mike" knew something about women.

"I'll take care of that, sir," he said. Back he went to his province, and gave an order to a barman.

"Make up two bottles of Manhattan cocktails," he said. "Label one 'Waldorf' and the other 'Holland House'. Make them exactly the same. Let me know when you get 'em ready."

A half hour or so later, Killackey, with a bottle under each arm—one with "Waldorf" plainly printed thereon, the other with "Holland House" similarly inscribed—appeared at Boldt's office. A few words, and Boldt sent for Mrs. Boldt.

Glasses were brought. Mike solemnly took up the bottle which all could see was named "Holland House," and filled three glasses. Mrs. Boldt tasted hers.

"That's a lovely cocktail," she said, and drank. The appetizer swallowed, she was enthusiastic. "I knew I was not mistaken," she told her husband.

Killackey did not let a muscle of his face relax while he placed three other glasses and slowly opened the bottle bearing the legend, "Waldorf." Mrs. Boldt took up her glass gingerly, put it to her lips, shook her head. "I can't drink this at all," she said. "It is simply terrible! I told you so," she said to her husband.

"Michael," said Boldt sternly, but with a flicker of

his left eyelid, "I am afraid you are not teaching your men right." The lady looked her triumph.

"All right, my dear," Boldt said to her, "I'll take care of this. Perhaps you had better retire while I lecture Killackey."

As soon as the lady had left the room, Boldt shook his head after her, looked at his Wine Steward, and chuckled.

"Michael," he said to Killackey, "I think I owe you two hundred dollars!" And Killackey got the money.

Killackey, who had left the Waldorf before the War, came to a tragic end some time after we had got into the European mixup.

Against the wishes and the efforts of his family and his nephew, John Killackey, who had now become the hotel's cashier, Michael had prevailed upon the directors of the Knights of Columbus to send him to France, and he made the trip over and back several times. On the day he was due to sail the last time, he reached the pier after the transport had got away. A newspaper man put him on a tug and they chased downstream after the big vessel. Once alongside, Killackey started to mount the Jacob's ladder, burdened as he was with a heavy bag. Near the top, he missed his footing. In his fall, he struck against the tug's rail, breaking three of his ribs. He bounded off into the water.

Up he bobbed, spluttering. "I'll make that blank-blank boat yet," he cried, and struck out for her.

Sailors grabbed him and tied him about with ropes. They fished him out, hauled him up the transport's side and took him to the ship's hospital, where army surgeons labored over him.

But they could not save Killackey. Only his doughty spirit went on to France. He died on the way across.

* * * *

Killackey's successor, as High Priest of this Temple of Bacchus, or principal of this branch of the American School of Drinking, was Phil Kennedy, also of Gaelic origin, and proud of it. He had been Killackey's lieutenant, or aide, and had done most of the hiring for the Bar from its early days. The proudest day of Kennedy's life, his friends used to say, was that on which he himself composed for Ireland's most publicized poet of the time, and served with his own hands, a drink that made such a hit with thirsty literature that the poet would drink nothing else.

William Butler Yeats had come over to New York with the Irish Players during one of the early years of the present century, and certain New York *literati*, eager to do him honor, gave him a luncheon in the Men's Café of the hotel, across the hall from the place where Kennedy presided. Phil had advance word and was thrilled. Naturally, cocktails were ordered, and Kennedy decided that no other hands must touch this offering. The cocktails must be something different. Yeats must have heard the word "cocktail," Phil realized, but there were things about drink that most Irishmen who had never before seen New York did not know. The Clover Club Cocktail, not so long before imported from Philadelphia, was then regarded as the last word in appetizers. It had not yet crossed the Atlantic. So Kennedy with his own hands shook up a trayful of Clover Clubs and, brushing aside the waiters who sought to render

assistance, carried them himself over to the Men's Café, and passed the tray.

Yeats eyed the novel pink drink warily. At first, he was for waving it away, but yielding to persuasion and, possibly influenced by the appeal in anxious Kennedy's eyes, he took one.

Kennedy stood back to await results. Yeats, glancing about, noted in surprise that his table companions handled the concoction in what seemed to him a precipitous and summary fashion. All they did was to lift their glasses, open their mouths, crook the elbow and then set down an empty glass.

Yeats on Cocktails

This was not a poet's way. Yeats tasted the cocktail, and smacked his lips. Another taste. His eye gleamed and his face lighted up. But, to the surprise of his hosts, he declined to gulp. This thing must be taken slowly. It was filled with a variety of flavors, and it must be tasted all the way down to the bottom of the glass. So he just sat and sipped that Clover Club Cocktail. When wine was brought and proffered him, he waved it away.

"Another of the same," he said, in effect, and he kept sipping Clover Club Cocktails all the way through the meal. And the delighted Kennedy felt it was a great day for Ireland.

* * * *

During most of its history, the Bar opened at six o'clock and closed at any time the next morning, though one A. M. was official closing time. Sixteen bartenders were employed, and often ten of them were on duty

during one watch. The big trade usually began to reach its climax about 4:30 in the afternoon, when the cocktail crowd was now streaming into the hotel from all parts—not only of Manhattan but the United States at large—and at six o'clock trade was at the peak.

Among the barmen were John O'Connor, who was an old-timer; Mike O'Connor; Paddie Hafey, sometimes called "Patsy"; Frank MacAloon; Billie Lahiff, who now owns a big restaurant; Johnnie Solon, and "Dan, the Barboy." Of the last two, more will be told further on.

Each of the bartenders had his own "specialties." Or, there were certain drinks he had the reputation, with a certain group, for composing perfectly; so that each had his own customers, apart from the trade that came in and patronized the "barkeep" at whose station the smallest queue was waiting to be served.

Some of the early barmen, becoming expert, were seized with an ambition to go back to Ireland and wean the Celtic palate away from the home-made drinks that had been drunk down through the ages, but whose original Gaelic names had been adopted by perfidious Britons and transmogrified. Why, even then, when they wanted that "water of life," of which poets had sung as *Uisgebeatha*, and kings and long and growing lines of descendants had popularized—even then thirsty Irishmen were calling for "whiskey" though "Ould Irish" was usually uttered.

Edward F. Flynn, one of the ablest of American journalists who ever served as correspondent in foreign countries, long correspondent of the New York *American* in London, and later editor of the London *Daily Mirror*,

tells of finding one of those barmen in Ireland during the early part of the century.

He had reached Cashel, a little town in Tipperary, a hundred miles or so southwest of Dublin, famous for a rock towering above it, on which tourists find some of the most imposing ruins in Ireland. Weary and thirsty from sightseeing, the American found a dirty little "public house" which looked far from inviting. He entered, hesitatingly, to confront a genial bartender. The latter's expression somehow reminded him of home.

"I suppose you couldn't make me a cocktail," suggested the visitor.

"Sure, I can, sir. And what kind, sir?"

Flynn thought he would give him something out of the other's ken.

"Make it a Clover Club," he said. And after certain familiar rites, the barman set down before him a Clover Club that, except that it betrayed lack of ice in the making, was perfect in content.

"Where the deuce did you ever learn to make a drink like that?" the newspaper man inquired.

"Why, sir," said the barman, "where else but at the Waldorf? Meself was a barman there for several years."

Solon at the Bar

During the greater part of its existence, the most popular professor in Bar One of the American School of Drinking was "Johnnie" Solon. Johnnie helped close the Bar when prohibition descended. He had come to it soon after the Spanish-American War, in which he served as a volunteer. Like certain others of the most famous bar-

men of bar history, Johnnie, in his personal habits, was one of the strictest professors of prohibition that never lectured on a platform, nor tried to dictate the habits of their fellow-men. He was a teetotaler. He never took a drink in his life, and he never smoked.

The Solon family is one of real antiquity, the earliest Solon of whom there is record antedating any of the O'Briens, O'Tooles, O'Flahertys, or any other Gaelic kings, runed or crooned. However, this statement is made in some apprehension, though the Solon of whom mention is now made, has had a date pinned on to him by history, between 639 and 559 B. C., which was some time before St. Patrick thought of Ireland and snakes. Solon, a Greek, was famous as a law-giver, and as such has been much esteemed by ancients and moderns called to another bar, which, except for those inconveniences incidental to the discovery of a dependable bootlegger, has not seemed to have suffered appreciably from any prohibitory ban. Particularly was that ancient champion of the rights of the people, and himself a sort of early *vox populi*, an authority on debts and debtors.

Research indicates that that particular Solon was apparently the first of the name, because his father bore the appellation "Execestibes," and he was descended from the noble line of the Codrids, which may or may not be the English pronunciation of O'Connor—or, possibly Cavanaugh. At least, a people that, even when sober, make Magdalen "Maudlin" and Cholmondeley "Chumley," might do even worse with a good old Irish name. Look what they did with *Uisgebeatha!*

As to whether the original Solon or one of his descend-

ants quit Greece and took himself and his ideas about debts and debtors to Ireland, is not clear. Report says that, despite the endeavors of learned scholars, there are a few ancient inscriptions in Ireland that have not yet been translated. But certain letters of the Gaelic alphabet bear little resemblance to the Roman. To an Englishman they might seem Greek. Well, Johnnie Solon's family came from Ireland, and not directly, at least, from Greece, and this chronicler will delve no farther back into his history than to mention that when the Waldorf's brass-rail Bar opened, in 1897, Johnnie was playing the modest rôle of cashier in a St. Louis hotel, with no intention of becoming a barman.

But after a war, a soldier begins to think of a job. And when Johnnie was discharged, he made his way to New York. The Waldorf was the biggest hotel; he had had some hotel training; he went there. And the only job open was one slinging drinks. Johnnie had never poured a drink or mixed one, but he felt he had it in him to learn. And soon it developed that he had a real flair for symphonic composition. His concoctions so pleased customers that they sang the author's praises wherever they went, and when he was on duty his corner of the bar counter was always crowded.

His first appearance at the Waldorf Bar almost coincided with that of another historic, but tragic event, for it was only a few days before fire destroyed the old Windsor Hotel, half a mile or so up Fifth Avenue. That was on St. Patrick's Day, 1899, which as every good Irishman knows—and some others have reason to know—was March 17.

One of Solon's specialties was a Mint Julep—a Julep whose praises inspired grateful paeans during many years and has caused many a memory to thirst in arid areas and in dry times. It was a drink in which the time element played an important part. The customer who knew would give his order and wait. Preferably, he would go somewhere else and sit down and do something to make the minutes pass, or else just enjoy thrills of anticipation as to what that julep would be like when he got it. Not until thirty minutes by the clock had elapsed would he reappear at the bar-side to claim his drink. And it would come to him with frost almost half an inch thick about the rim, icy cold, of course, and with a mingling of scents, odors and tastes that combined the perfumes of Araby with the nectar of Olympus. But that Mint Julep was not, after all, Johnnie Solon's greatest invention.

An ungrateful—or possibly ignorant—army of drinkers, past and present, has failed to do honor to a man whose crowning achievement has been at times on millions of lips, its name pronounced in all foreign parts wherever he who runs may read the sign, "American Bar."

It is my privilege to announce a fact which heretofore only a privileged few have known.

The Bronx is Born

Johnnie Solon is the inventor of the original Bronx Cocktail!

Other claimants may have arisen to the title. Publicists and propagandists may have endeavored to shove forward the name of some other favorite barman as the

creator of a cocktail whose name, masking a variety of curious concoctions, has been set before disgusted Americans in many parts, when they demanded a Bronx. Even in the United States there are many conceptions of a Bronx. But Johnnie's claim to parenthood, while modestly put forth, is nevertheless a Waldorf tradition.

Unfortunately, I have found it impossible to establish the date of its creation. Johnnie invented so many drinks that he never put down the dates. But to the best of his recollection it was early in the century. This is the story as he has told it to me:

"We had a cocktail in those days called the Duplex, which had a pretty fair demand. One day, I was making one for a customer when in came Traverson, head waiter of the Empire Room—the main dining room in the original Waldorf. A Duplex was composed of equal parts of French and Italian Vermuth, shaken up with squeezed orange peel, or two dashes of Orange Bitters. Traverson said, 'Why don't you get up a new cocktail? I have a customer who says you can't do it.'

" 'Can't I?' I replied.

"Well, I finished the Duplex I was making, and a thought came to me. I poured into a mixing glass the equivalent of two jiggers of Gordon Gin. Then I filled the jigger with orange juice, so that it made one-third of orange juice and two-thirds of gin. Then into the mixture I put a dash each of Italian and French Vermuth. shaking the thing up. I didn't taste it myself, but I poured it into a cocktail glass and handed it to Traverson and said: 'You are a pretty good judge. (He was.)

See what you think of that.' Traverson tasted it. Then he swallowed it whole.

" 'By God!' he said, 'you've really got something new! That will make a big hit. Make me another and I will take it back to that customer in the dining room. Bet you'll sell a lot of them. Have you got plenty of oranges? If you haven't, you better stock up, because I'm going to sell a lot of those cocktails during lunch.'

"Up to that time we never used more than one dozen oranges per day in the Bar. I sent down to the storeroom and got two dozen. The storeroom keeper came up himself and wanted to know what I meant by ordering so many oranges. 'What the hell are you going to do with them?' he demanded. 'Well,' I said, 'maybe I will take them home, if I can.' But I didn't.

"The demand for Bronx cocktails started that day. Pretty soon we were using a whole case of oranges a day. And then several cases.

"The name? No, it wasn't really named directly after the borough or the river so-called. I had been at the Bronx Zoo a day or two before, and I saw, of course, a lot of beasts I had never known. Customers used to tell me of the strange animals they saw after a lot of mixed drinks. So when Traverson said to me, as he started to take the drink in to the customer, 'What'll I tell him is the name of this drink?' I thought of those animals, and said: 'Oh, you can tell him it is a 'Bronx'."

That original Bronx was later modified by other barmen, and the formula preserved in the book hereafter to be liberally quoted, resembled Johnnie's invention only as one cocktail might resemble another. And in-

stead of orange juice, it gave the customer only a piece of orange peel!

Law and Order

For years I have been writing about hotel detectives. As a matter of fact, I once wrote a book about a hotel detective. But it was not published. A publisher told me he believed that anything tending to debunk the notion that makes so many readers for detective stories would be like holding the Bible up to ridicule—so sacred is the mystery story in the public mind, and the supersleuth about whom it usually revolves.

But I was writing of a hotel detective. And a hotel sleuth in the old days seldom detected.

Boldt had a staff of house officers or, as they came to be called, "house dicks," whose office was, nominally, to preserve law and order. Their province, of course, included the Bar. If the barmen constituted its faculty, they were its proctors. Their functions frequently extended more in the direction of showing moneyed arrivals from Pittsburgh and the more Open Spaces about town after dark, taking them to where a man, fresh from a more or less smoky or arid territory, might wish to go—to gambling houses, perhaps, and so on. The detective was supposed to act not only as guide but as bodyguard, and to see that the patron was returned to the hotel as nearly intact as the adventures of the evening permitted. Especial attention must be paid to the gentleman getting back with his pocketbook depleted only by the necessary expenses. He was to be kept out of badger and other con games. Among the house dicks

were certain powerfully built individuals who, in addition to making routine inspections of the building and doing minor police work, were supposed to be physically able to deal with obstreperous patrons or visitors who, if they could not be coaxed to leave quietly, must be put out.

Boldt's orders were strict that men who came into the Bar drunk should be refused service; also that when customers were drinking steadily, service must be stopped when such gave evidence that they had taken too much. Sometimes a tactful barman was able to handle such a customer. But if the latter became obstreperous—and sometimes he did—a detective was usually within easy call. If the customer was a "friend of the house," perhaps an assistant manager who knew him would prove able to persuade him that he was not being singled out for slight, and lead him off. But more than one noisy person had to be given the "bum's rush," when he was grabbed by the arm and hustled out through the corridor doorway into the Astor Court.

The best of Boldt's house detectives, in the opinion of many who came into contact with them, was a quiet, gentlemanly-looking individual by the name of Kennedy. He was an efficient officer, and effective. He was a diplomat, and many a time he prevented a row in the Bar through the use of tact.

Perhaps the most colorful of a long list was Schuyler West, who became very well known during the early days of the Bar. West was a rough-and-ready sort of person, whose language was frequently picturesque, rather than diplomatic. Not only did he have no fear; he was no respecter of persons. He would just as soon

tell his employer what he thought of him, as not. However, he had his uses, and Boldt considered him a valuable employee.

The hotel proprietor used to give annually to his heads of departments a dinner at which they did almost anything they wished, and were supposed to talk freely. Boldt, as has been intimated, had not then acquired the command of almost unaccented English that later became a source of some pride, and his first utterance, after taking his seat at the head of the table, would be: "Boys, dis is your night. Have as good a time as possible. You can even get trunk if you vish. But," he would add, "de man who is to go on duty at seven o'clock tomorrow morning, and fails to be dere on time, is going to suffer de consequences."

Invariably, the host would require that everybody present sing a song, make a speech, or tell a story. Some would hymn their most interesting theme—themselves—and almost without exception would manage to ring in a tribute to their host and employer. Schuyler West was not of their mood on one occasion.

Boldt Accepts Tribute

The others in turn had flattered Boldt. West, whether through natural boldness or Dutch courage imbibed, grew anecdotal. He decided to tell the tale of how he first got a job under Boldt and how he kept it, and this is the way he put it:

"I was walkin' up Fi't' Av'noo one day, when I meets de House Detective from de Waldorf. 'Hey, Cully!' I says, 'what's de news?' An' he says, 'Aw hell, I jus' been

fired by dat old son of a b— down dere!' So I walks in an' I gets his job right off de reel. Well, sir, I been fired twenty times since dat, an' I jus' puts on me hat, walks out de back door, sashays aroun' Fi't' Av'noo to de front door, comes in, strikes de old man an' gets de job back. Dat's what I t'ink o' dat old son of a b—!"

Something like consternation seized the rest of the company, with the exception of the man who had thus been characterized. Boldt almost invariably proved himself master of a situation. Now he jumped up, held out his hand and said with a hearty laugh, "Vest, py golly, you're de only man dat undershtands me!"

However, a day came when a new pair of flat feet were planted on the spot of the marble floor where West made his post when not busy. That morning, one of the hotel's esteemed patrons, meeting the proprietor of the hotel, told him he had had a pretty good time the night before. "But," he added, "somewhere I dropped ten to twelve thousand dollars."

This was against the code. Patrons with bankrolls who left the house by night in company with a hotel detective must be returned minus such experiences, and that day Boldt and Schuyler West parted company.

"Joe" Smith, famed as "Scotland Yard Joe," had the longest tenure as head detective of the Waldorf. For many years, Joe's was a familiar face as he stood on the spot at the corner of Peacock Alley and the lobby, well dressed, well groomed, apparently imperturbable, but willing to be at least deprecatory when anyone who brought up the subject of detective work intimated that perhaps Joe was the greatest of all modern sleuths.

And Joe had a big reputation. Just how much of it was due to his own exploits is a matter open to speculation, despite a book published shortly after the close of the old hotel, which was supposed to relate some of the mysteries and adventures in which Joe had starred as hero.

There was, for instance, the tale of his chase of the "human fly"—a story Joe never tired of telling. He had a passion for being written up. And during the last four years of the old Waldorf's existence, if this writer were asked to name how many times Joe suggested that his biography be written, he would lose count, trying to check up.

There were times when crooks of many stripes would look upon the Waldorf as a happy hunting-ground. Everybody who stopped in the place was supposed to be bulging with money. Some were. Wire-tappers, green goods men, adventuresses, promoters of all sorts of worthless mines, sellers of "blue-sky" literature, pickpockets, touters for "fancy houses," criminals of every class, just longed to get into that place and operate.

Sometimes they did effect entrance. But Joe was always on the watch and he kept himself familiar with the Rogues' Gallery pictures at Police Headquarters, and sometimes he could scare them out. If they came in numbers, Joe had an effective recourse. It was rather a different method of sleuthing from that open to most detectives—even hotel detectives.

The Way of a Sleuth

A word from a manager to someone connected with the hotel who knew "Ed" Hill, or some other friendly newspaper reporter with a sense of humor, and then: "Say, Ed, can't you give Joe Smith a story? We need it."

In a day or two, Ed's newspaper or some other would come out with a column or more telling what a terrible fellow Scotland Yard Joe was—terrible, at least, to crooks. A long record of Joe's exploits might be chronicled; famous mysteries he had solved; famous crooks he had spotted and jugged—most of it drawn from Joe himself, from a good reporter's "scrap-book," or from his recollections of other previous write-ups.

And the crooks would read—or else somebody would tell them. And they would stay away—at least those who could be identified as crooks—and Joe would plume himself that the Bar and the Lobby were again like Eden before the Serpent did his dirty work.

Everybody who knew Joe liked him. But old-timers on the staff had long memories. And one recollection in which Joe had figured rankled. It was of a time Joe, in his own way, had tried to make everybody rich. The means was a tip purporting to come direct from J. P. Morgan himself. Generously "slipped" by Joe, under cover of secrecy, it cost a good many members of the staff of the Waldorf their metaphorical shirts.

Of course, persons who could get anywhere within sound of Morgan's voice were apt to keep on tiptoe to grab any pearls of financial wisdom or information that might drop from the lips of the oracle of finance. Such did not realize always that there were occasions when Morgan might speak without intending his words to be taken seriously.

Morgan, mentioned as an early patron of the Bar, used to come often to the hotel to attend dinners of the Chamber of Commerce and other big banquets. From

the time that Joe discovered Morgan's identity, he constituted himself a bodyguard for the financier whenever he saw the latter entering the hotel. It may have been that Joe had concluded that Morgan was in continual danger of assassination. If J. P. came to a festivity in the grand ballroom, Joe would make it a point to see that his progress to the dais of honor was made safe for finance, and more than once he was known to station himself behind Morgan's chair as a Cerberus of watchfulness and protection. After such occasions, Joe knew exactly what the Market was going to do, and some of his friends might hear a hot tip.

This began the "Southern Pacific incident." The stock of that railroad was hovering a little above 50, and certain speculators were wondering whether it would prove a good thing to buy for a rise, or to sell short. Joe, after one of his Cerberic, if not cerebric, sessions with Morgan, had to spill what was on his mind.

According to Alfred S. Amer, then an assistant manager of the hotel, Joe quoted Morgan as saying that he "would never let Southern Pacific go below 50." That was all any listener needed. Almost every employee of the front office, envisioning quick and easy wealth, bought "S. P." Those who had savings, plunged; some who had no money in the bank, borrowed where and as heavily as they could and, in the lingo of The Street, loaded up. The stock reports in the newspapers and the financial news now claimed earnest students, and clerks and managers began stealing off duty to crowd the stock-brokers' offices in the hotel. They followed the quotation board; they hung over the ticker.

Soon they began to realize that either Joe had misunderstood Morgan, or else that the financier had a sense of humor with which he was not generally credited. For Southern Pacific manifested no signs of hitting the ceiling. Nor did it stay put at 50. On the contrary, it skidded and slipped until one day it reached 19. By that time, money and savings accounts had been wiped out, and more than one employee of the hotel was head over heels in debt. Never again did the losers listen when Joe stood ready to slip them one of "Morgan's tips."

Joe was once given an opportunity in the Bar to show his nerve before a bunch of big he-men from the Gold Hills. But it took him years to live down his actual part in what happened.

"Bat" Masterson, a United States Marshal, long famous in the Northwest, and a friend of Theodore Roosevelt, was responsible. Joe had heard more of Bat than Bat had heard of Joe. Bat was in New York at the time, but not in the hotel, when the thing started that, after he did come in, was effective in holding up trade and leaving the bartenders on duty keeping company only with the bull and the bear and the lamb on top the refrigerator table—and Joe Smith.

At a table in the middle of the room sat six big men, some of them in wide-brimmed hats. Most of them were mining men, and they were from Butte, Montana. Of the group was Colonel "Dick" Plunkett, said to be a United States Marshal.

Enter "Bat" Masterson

They were talking about gold strikes, mining conditions and individual exploits, law and order, jumping claims,

and other things mining men usually discussed at such gatherings. Not a little egocentric hero-worship was voiced, but the talk was mostly of what other fellows had done; of "bad men" and shootings. And Masterson's name was mentioned as having saved the expense of a lot of hangings by using his six-shooter.

Plunkett dissented. He was emphatic about it.

"I tell you what," he said, "that fellow, Bat Masterson, has killed more innocent men in his day than anybody else in the United States!"

Whether the statement was immediately challenged or not, is not recorded. Masterson had good friends in that group. A little later, one of them made an excuse and left the room. He knew where Bat was, and he got into a hansom and ordered the driver to go there, lickety-split. And he gave a news-hot version of what Plunkett had said.

Hardly half an hour after the statement had been made, Masterson in person dramatically appeared at the main door of the Barroom. One of the men at the table caught sight of him and jumped up. The others, following his gaze, turned. Two or three right hands went to hips.

Bat, after halting long enough to achieve sensational effect, strode straight across to the group. He stopped at the side of his detractor's chair.

"Plunkett," he said, "I hear you have been talking bad about me." With the words, he suddenly dug his hand between Colonel Dick's neck and collar, shut his fist, and made as if to pull the other out of his chair.

Plunkett was conciliatory. "Sit down, Bat," he said;

"sit down and have a quiet drink, and talk things over."

Then a man on his other side jumped up. "Take your hands off my friend, Dick Plunkett!" he shouted at Masterson, at the same time trying to jerk something from his hip pocket.

Meantime, the effect upon the crowd had been panicky. Immediately the identity of Masterson had begun to be whispered about. "That's Bat Masterson," men told one another. "He'll shoot on sight," some added. So before Masterson had grabbed Plunkett's collar, a movement had started toward the exit—toward all exits, in fact. Men began pouring not only into the extension of Peacock Alley, but into the Grill Room, and the emergency lavatory at the southeast corner of the Bar, past which safety could be gained, was choked by men who merely wanted to find a quick way out, but missed the door.

Joe Smith, at that time chief sleuth of the hotel, had been sent for at the first sign of trouble. Now he appeared, and began edging his way past the crowd that was milling to escape.

Joe heard the name "Bat Masterson," and it was enough to make him discreet. He did not rush up to the table where the fun was, and with the voice of authority quell the disturbance and order the disturbers out. As a matter of fact, Joe found a pillar that looked as if it might resist anything like gunfire, and hid behind it. However, somebody outside had telephoned the Tenderloin police station, and three cops appeared. By the time they arrived, the only live occupants of the room were Joe and the bartenders. By this time friends had suc-

ceeded in convincing the disputants that New York was a closed town for shooting just then, and that there were better places to settle quarrels than the Waldorf Bar.

In justice to the ability and services of another, one must add that the fame that accrued to Joe Smith was more than once a sort of "transferred epithet." On call for many years was one of the most efficient detectives I have ever known—another "Joe." His last name I shall not give, because anonymity was one of his most effective aids in running down crooks. Often it happened that after the world had been told that some thief who had plied his trade at the old Waldorf, or had menaced one or more of its patrons, had been caught, and thus had increased Joe Smith's chest measurement several inches, it would be discovered that the other Joe had done the work. Several times I protested to the latter, and often asked him to let me tell of some of his experiences—which, I believe, would make some of the thrillers current look like bed-time stories. But this was the invariable answer:

"Oh, hell! Joe Smith likes that stuff and I don't. He pays me; let him have the credit. Why, if you were to tell anything about me, it would put a crimp in all my work."

And I still think the anonymous Joe one of the most effective sleuths that have ever run down hotel pests.

Sometimes occurred in the room minor disturbances of a harmless character, when practical jokers would select a victim for their fun.

There was the case of a Mr. Jones—his first name is lost to fame — who came in one day and innocently

enough fell victim to a straw hat crusade. In downtown New York and in other parts of the city, custom immemorial has decreed that straw hats should not be worn after the middle of September—a custom foolish, of course, and which has embarrassed and annoyed many persons who don't see why anybody has a right to tell them what they shall wear, or when.

"STRAW HAT!"

It was after the fifteenth—considerably past it, in fact —when Jones entered the room wearing headgear that was now on the Index Expurgatorius of local custom. At one of the tables sat a group of which "Pete" J. Rogers was one. Another was John R. Burton. The straw hat immediately attracted the table's attention.

"I'll tell you what," said one of the group to Burton, "if you go over and take that fellow's hat off and smash it, I'll give one hundred dollars to the Red Cross."

Burton got up, went over to the man with the straw hat, whom he knew.

"Mr. Jones," he said, "that's quite a nice hat."

"Do you like it?" Mr. Jones returned, smiling.

"Yes," said the other, grabbing it. Then he rammed his fist through it.

Jones, who was a buyer for one of the railroads, immediately got ready to clean out the whole place. It looked as if there would be a real fight. The men left the table and gathered around the pair, and offered to give Jones twenty-five dollars out of the money won for the Red Cross, in order to calm him down. However, Jones would not be appeased. He tried to have the manage-

ment bar Burton from the Bar and from the hotel, or at least refuse him service. It required all the diplomatic skill of one of the assistant managers of the hotel, who was a personal friend, to appease the wrath of the indignant owner of the ruined straw lid.

"Dan" Reid, organizer of the Tin Plate Trust and market operator, had the reputation, among the bartenders at least, of drinking more than anybody else, and getting noisier. When he started talking, it used to be said he could be heard all over the ground floor. But, according to memories of habitués of those days, the patron of the Bar who was apt to give the most trouble and oftenest was the late James G. Blaine, Jr., son of a famous Secretary of State and Republican candidate for the Presidency against Grover Cleveland. Sober, or with only a few drinks in him, Jim, tall and handsome, and an inheritor of the great nose his distinguished father made famous, was delightful company. But there was a point beyond which he could not go in the matter of drink, and retain his pleasurable traits. He would say things that would ruffle somebody's feelings, and at times become very nasty.

Another equally known patron of the Bar was "Charlie" Flynn, a mining man, tall and handsome, and usually even-tempered. Flynn was one of the best-dressed men to be seen there, and had many friends. He was regarded as an addition to any company.

But he had a good deal of personal dignity and Irish blood in him would get suddenly warm over anything he might regard as an affront to his dignity.

So it happened one day when he found himself in the

same company at the Bar-side with "Jim" Blaine. Jim had gone too far in his indulgence and he said something which Flynn resented. Flynn intimated as much, whereupon Blaine, who did not realize to whom he was talking, said something worse. And before he had quite got it out of his mouth, Flynn's fist had landed under his chin, and Blaine went down on the floor. There was a hubbub, of course, but friends intervened, and by the time the news of the scrap had drawn a crowd from all parts of the lobby, Blaine had been hustled out; and except that friends were saying, "Charlie, you served him right," and offering to buy Flynn drinks, the excitement had subsided. However, for days the story was told in the Bar with constantly increasing embellishment.

Battle of the Champagne

By no means was all the liquor consumed in that locality swallowed in the Bar. Nor was the biggest fight that ever took place in the hotel staged in that room. That honor belonged to a great room used as a serving pantry to the Grand Ballroom on the floor above. And the fracas came near spoiling the big banquet given by the *New Yorker Staats Zeitung* in honor of Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of the German Kaiser, when he came to this country early in 1902. Long antedating, as it did, the great struggle between the Germans and the French for the possession of the champagne country and Rheims during the Great War, it nevertheless deserves to be known as the "Battle of the Champagne," for champagne began it. It was fought in an arena walled with cases of "Mumm" and "Louis Roederer" and "Pom-

mery," and it was soon followed by the sheer but accidental destruction of enough sparkling wine to make a modern prohibition agent jealous. Bootleggers did not figure in this last episode, but what might be called "pants-leggers" did.

Among those invited to meet the Kaiser's brother was almost every important newspaper editor in the whole country. The pantry was piled high with cases of wine, and these had been opened ahead of time. One result was that many waiters had proved unable to resist temptation. And wine sometimes has a way of inflaming national ardor.

Every waiter employed by the hotel was on duty, as was every bellboy on the staff. The former, serving the various courses, laden with trays, hurried along the hallway from the pantry in single file and at fixed distances apart. And when courses were finished, out they came, still in a long line, bearing trays of soiled plates and remnants. This went on in military fashion under the argus eye of the *maître d'hôtel*, its grand marshal, who stood near the door of the ball room, with eye and ear alert for any sign of interruption to the program he had so carefully planned. Everything moved like clock-work for a time.

But all at once the smooth-running wheels stopped. A sudden halt in the steady procession of waiters and omnibuses. Something had gone wrong!

What had happened was a flare-up of national jealousies. At that time there were many French as well as German waiters on the staff of the hotel, and the former, in some cases, undoubtedly cherished memories of the

"lost provinces" and *revanche*. For the German waiters, it was an evening of triumph, just as it was for every German and German-American in New York. At this distance, one is not able to ascertain just whether the Frenchman called the brother of the Kaiser that day's equivalent of *boche*, or whether the German had assumed an offensive by vaunting the merits of the guest of the evening, or of his Imperial brother. Nor is it certain as to who struck the first blow. Even at the time, investigation failed to establish that fact to the satisfaction of everybody concerned. But before anybody else realized what was going on, Frenchman and German were at each other's throats, and hammering away at each other's noses—or wherever untrained fists could find lodgment on a rival's anatomy.

But the incident was like the touch of a match, and when the French combatant shouted, "*A moi!*" and the German yelled, "*Um Gottes Willen!*" other Frenchmen and other German waiters piled in. Italy, represented also by a good sized portion of those present, tried to be neutral for a time. But not for long. Its subjects on the scene soon took a hand—or rather a fist or two—on one side or the other, their choice dictated, perhaps, not so much by considerations of nationality as by personal friendship. In less time than it takes to tell, the whole room was in a furore, with everybody milling everybody else. The *maître d'hôtel*, after one glance, summoned all the house detectives within call and these jumped in, separated the belligerents and restored peace. The Prince never knew how nearly his great banquet had been marred.

Not only waiters but, as it developed later, certain of the bellhops on duty that night, some of whom were connoisseurs in the vintages of the time, helped themselves freely to the contents of the cases in the pantry already referred to.

Now in the snug uniform worn by the Waldorf bellhop of that period, there was little room to hide a quart of champagne. Certainly, a tight-fitting blouse could not conceal an increment of such size. But they were resourceful, were those lads, and they knew the possibilities of a trouser-leg. It proved easy to frisk out a bottle from its case, raise the side of one's blouse and slide the bottle down inside the waist-band. Thus laden, an appearance of unconcern was, so they thought, all that was necessary.

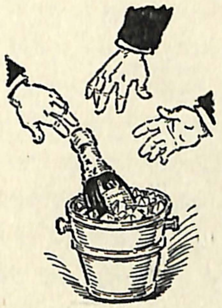
However, a steward had kept a sort of check on bottles as they were brought into the banquet rooms, discovered that the cases of champagne were disgorging their contents at a speed little short of amazing, and the whole bellboy force of forty youths was lined up for inspection. At such times they had to stand like soldiers —eyes front, hands at sides and heels close together.

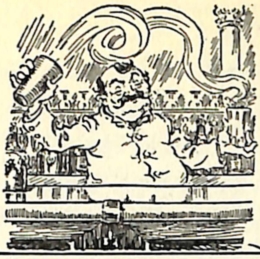
An assistant manager and the head bellboy looked them over carefully.

Nothing happened until the two inquisitors had reached the middle of the long line. Suddenly, the lad upon whom their eyes were bent began to perspire. Then he gasped. Immediately afterward, a bottle smashed upon the hard floor at his feet and a quart of champagne spread itself in every direction.

The manager started to grab the bellhop, but even as

he stepped toward him a second crash was heard at one end of the line. Another bottle had slipped from a mooring waist-band and slid down a trouser leg to destruction. A third followed suit from a boy at the end already passed. Before the inspection had been finished, no fewer than ten bottles, in the same fashion, had crashed their costly contents upon the floor.





PART VI

Concerning the Curriculum

THE VISITOR to a New York speakeasy, according to report, at least, may lack nothing in abundance or supply; but, according to old-timers, he is confronted by decided circumscription in variety. If one who knows were to breathe to those speakeasy dispensers of dreadful, if not dreaded, drinks that mask under names that were once guarantees of superior content, and harmless, if potent, accelerators of appetite and good feeling—taken in moderation—some figures as well as facts about the quality and variety of alcoholic dispensation at the old Waldorf in its real prime, he would probably be greeted by a scouting or scornful, "Aw, what are ya givin' me?" And if you were to tell almost anybody who hasn't the facts before him the number of kinds of fancy drinks those veteran Waldorf barmen knew how to concoct, and did concoct, they would put you down as a liar and probably say it aloud. Well, certain of those bartenders knew how to make, and did make, two hundred and seventy-one different kinds of cocktails. They

knew how to compose, and did compose, four hundred and ninety-one different kinds of mixed drinks.

Those two hundred and seventy-one varieties of what was once the great American drink, one which carried the name of our people all over the world; those over four hundred more varieties of picklers than the most ambitious American pickler of his age was ever able to advertise—and which pickled more people—deserve, if by name only, to live in history. For their nomenclature belongs to it. It is not only part of our chronicles as a nation, but an index to certain social, industrial and artistic achievements of an age.

Brushing aside such mythological, ornithological, ethnological, zoological, or otherwise "logical" designations as Adonis, Bird, Bridal, Bishop Poker, Creole, Goat's Delight, Gloom Lifter and Hoptoad, which name only a few kinds of cocktails that used to be served in the old Waldorf Bar, consider just a few that betray less of fancy and originality, but perhaps more of cause of origin.

For example, take the Armour, called after a well-known Chicago patron of the establishment. Then there was a Beadleston, named after another customer who sold the Bar much of the beer he brewed, and after whom was baptized a second cocktail, the Beadleston No. 2. Speaking still alphabetically, there was a Bunyan, spelled with an "a," not an "o," and summoning up thoughts of a thirsty pilgrim's progress to a land of never-never-thirst. A "Chauncey" must have been named after the most distinguished person of that prenomen, a famous orator and wit. There is no record that its namesake was

present at its christening. Nor is there evidence that the originator of a celebrated march upon Washington graced the birth of the Coxey cocktail. The Dorflinger got its name from a glass manufacturer who sold the Waldorf much of the glassware used in its Bar.

For the creation of the Eddy, I may predicate at once that no scientific lady of that name was responsible; I am inclined to attribute its origin to a popular and handsome young diplomatist of the early part of the century who married an heiress and went into eclipse. And surely one would not think of attributing the Hearst cocktail to any personal interest on the part of a great newspaper proprietor; rather to certain of his staff who were in the habit of dropping in at odd times when assigned to a story in the neighborhood of what was then Herald Square.

And there was McKinley's Delight. Just why it was McKinley's delight, I am unable to ascertain. The chances are that President McKinley never found out whether it was or not. In its favor, I may mention that the Bar was a great hangout for the G.O.P.'s of yesteryear, who may have passed their emotion for their candidates across the counter for the barkeep to translate into terms of liquid intensity.

The Waldorf Bar served a Racquet Club, a Riding Club and a Union League Club cocktail, thus honoring certain social and representative New York institutions. But who the "Mrs. Thompson" was, whose name was bestowed upon one of its cocktails, frankly, I do not know. Nor do I know just what state of spiritual or spirituous elevation, or on whose part, suggested the chris-

tening of the St. Francis or the St. Peter or the St. John, though the first may have been called after a California hotel, and not after a friar long deceased.

And those drinks went further than St. Peter, and spelled sacrilege, though I do know persons whose family name is Christ. This was the content of what was described as a "Christ" cocktail, and which I prefer to believe was named after some mundane materialist who may have needed something spiritual, but got only as far as the spirituous. It began harmlessly enough. First there was the juice of half a Lemon; then came a half a spoonful of Sugar, followed by a pony of Raspberry Syrup, and then a quarter of a pony of White of an Egg. Here the Tempter came in, and took the form of a jigger of Gin.

The stage, whether or not it drove men to drink in those days, certainly inspired much drinking, and successful plays often stood godfather for bartenders' conceptions. The great success of "Rosemary," with which John Drew and one of Charles Frohman's best companies helped open the Astoria part of the big hotel, was celebrated in a cocktail of the same name, composed of equal parts of Vermuth and Bourbon. The tuneful "Merry Widow" and the almost equally whistleable "Chocolate Soldier" were drowned in baptismal cocktails at the Waldorf Bar. The Merry Widow cocktail was made of half French Vermuth and half Dubonnet; the Chocolate Soldier, an appropriately stronger potation, was composed of one-third Dubonnet, two-thirds Nicholson Gin and a dash of Lime Juice. "Peg o' My Heart" and "Rob Roy" named other cocktails. "Trilby" had

been drunk back in the days of the Waldorf sit-down Bar. In compliment to the locale of the play, the Trilby cocktail was made of one-third French Vermuth and two-thirds Old Tom Gin, with dashes of Orange Bitters and Crème Yvette. "Salomé," when it came to the Metropolitan Opera House, had its success celebrated in a way that might have made Strauss weep for his seidel or his stein of Pilsner. With its two dashes of Absinthe, cementing half portions of Italian Vermuth and Dubonnet, it lacked German authorship, but certainly nothing in authority. Mrs. Leslie Carter must have heard, when she helped put Mr. Belasco large on the theatrical map, that "Zaza" made one of its biggest hits in the form of an invention of a Waldorf barman. The Zaza cocktail was somewhat milder than the Salomé, for only one-third of its content was Old Tom Gin, that being allied with two-thirds Dubonnet and two dashes of Orange Bitters. And Charlie Chaplin had a cocktail named in his honor when he began to make the screen public laugh.

Big Events Spirituously Memorialized

In those days every big or spectacular event claimed its appropriate honorification at the hands of those Waldorf dispensers of drink. For example, the first composition of the Arctic cocktail celebrated Peary's discovery of the North Pole—or where it ought to be; the Doctor Cook cocktail proclaimed the exposure of a celebrated polar faker whose very entrails Peary once confessed to me personally, in effect, he hated; the invention of the Coronation cocktail was anticipative of the ten minutes' rest the late King Edward got when they sat him on the

Stone of Scone. The Fin de Siècle came toward the end of the century, when the expression became current in magazines and newspapers, and when lots of Americans were taking their first steps in French. What they said when they meant to order such a cocktail is another matter.

Why, you can date many American historical, society, sporting, police and other events by those cocktails when you know the names. There was the Third Degree, invented when everybody in New York was interested in the way tough cops were extracting information from accused persons. Probably it left its imbiber in a state similar to that of the victim of a police inquisition. Added to one-eighth French Vermuth, it consisted of seven-eighths Plymouth Gin, with several dashes of Absinthe. The Good Times cocktail was reminiscent of the socially important coach that once ran from the Waldorf doorway to the Woodmansten Inn. The Jitney complimented an invention of a Detroit gentleman which was found adaptable to take the place of trolley cars when drivers and conductors went on strike. It may be particularly interesting to that inventor to learn that it was composed of one-half Gin, one-fourth Lemon, one-fourth Orange Juice—and a little Sugar. Then there was the Marconi Wireless, which first sprang across the Bar of the Waldorf when the ancestor of the radio began to raise its ghostly voice; and the Prince Henry, concocted to celebrate the arrival of the once-distinguished Kaiser's apostolic brother, who was dined and wined prodigiously in the hotel's grand ballroom just above the Barroom.

Cocktails by the names of Futurity, Suburban, and so on, celebrated the triumphs of James R. Keene and his racing cohorts and other famous stable-owners on near-by courses. A famous picture of a naked girl in the waves, sold under the name of "September Morn," was perpetuated—at least it was so thought—by a Waldorf cocktail. However, that cocktail was not a brand-new composition—simply a Clover Club cocktail in which Gin gave place to Bacardi Rum; the real Clover Club being composed of the juice of half a Lemon, half a teaspoonful of Sugar, half a pony of Raspberry Syrup, one-quarter of a pony White of an Egg, and a jigger of Gin.

The Spanish-American War produced distinctive drink nomenclature. The guns of Santiago awakened reverberation in the Waldorf Bar, and shook up what was termed a Santiago Sour—not, however, strictly a cocktail; no more was Hobson's Kiss, reminiscent of an episode that, alas! served to discredit the hero of the *Merrimac*. Then there was a Schley punch, a Shafter cocktail, and another which took its name from Admiral Dewey, victor at Manila Bay.

And when these are named, one has not really begun on the list of appetizers available to those who resorted at regular times to what was long the most famous expositor of the American School of Drinking. As I have said, their nomenclature deserves to live in history, of which it is a part. More, if only to clarify that portion of history with data furnishing contributory evidence—if further proof is impossible—their composition is important to the historian, and some day will so prove to the antiquarian, who will no doubt find material for

study and zealous contemplation, if not amazement, in the fact that men once were able, year after year, to get outside so many kinds of more or less ardent spirit, and in such quantity, and still survive. Well, they didn't all survive. They made patients for the specialists at Carlsbad and other European cure resorts, and in many cases quit this sphere when still in their prime. But when all is said, the searcher for prehistoric man, for ancestors of much greater stature, may halt when he reads of the exploits of the exponents of the American School of Drinking, point to the record, scratch his head, and say: "There were giants in those days." And others will draw a moral.

"Dan, The Barboy"

With this prefatory tribute to certain accomplishments of the long-departed School of American Drinking, I introduce a member of its faculty, who for twenty-three years of its history wielded a wide influence upon a good-sized portion of the American public. Or if he did not directly exert that influence, he at least mixed the drinks that did the wielding, and handed them over. But first let me describe the volume in which he kept the curriculum, as it were, and whose contents will later be spread.

It is a leather-bound volume, its edges brown and its pages dog-eared from frequent use. For no one man could keep all its information in his head. Briefly speaking, it is a compendium of recipes for making all sorts of hard thirst-quenchers—a cyclopedia of directions for composing almost every kind of fancy drink served in the old Waldorf-Astoria Bar. To make these of more value to the historian and the student of the *mores* of

other days, they have been decoded, rearranged and more or less classified.

The compiler of that original volume was Joseph Taylor, for many years, under the sobriquet of "Dan, the Barboy," one of the dozen or so experts required to staff that Bar when business was brisk. Taylor, who had been a personage of note—at least he had been in the public eye—went into comparative obscurity when the Eighteenth Amendment took away his occupation, and in the last decade of the old hostelry's existence, instead of spending his days saying, "Yours, sir?" and, after the performance of certain rites, passing artistically composed appetizers and exhilarators over the bar to stockbrokers and financial and industrial magnates, to professional men and students and the flotsam and jetsam for whom these bought drinks; instead of hearing the chatter of big business and the hum of what was often very informative conversation—abounding in hints as to how to make money on a turn of the market—instead of all this, he had descended to the wine cellar and the rather obscure title of "assistant in the beverage department" of the hotel, handling such elevating and stimulative potations as ginger ale and soda water. Only upon certain starred occasions did the old bar horse find in his nostrils the strong, familiar odors that made memories gush back.

To his immediate boss, the steward of his department, were intrusted the keys of the innermost cellars where reposed a good deal of the rare pre-war stock acquired by the owners of the hotel in 1918, when they took over its operating company from the George C. Boldt estate;

but when one of those who shared that cellar had programmed a party, Taylor had to help get out the booze and start it on its discreet way to the scene of the festivity. No need to excite the police unduly. They might be embarrassed if a court ordered them to return liquor that, in the eyes of the law, was inviolate, but which they might ignorantly have smashed or disposed of just as if it were ordinary bootleg stuff.

On the other hand, the prompt and safe arrival of the liquor would often make the party, and the host must not be embarrassed by its lack. So, despite the underground character of his job and at times of his methods, Taylor's last job at the Waldorf was not without its responsibilities.

The reason for the sacerdotal alias of this former priest of Bacchus during more than two-thirds of the thirty-three years he worked in the Waldorf lay in the disinclination of Phil Kennedy, his principal and the boss bartender, to address as many as two of his subordinates as "Joe." On the Bar staff, when Taylor applied for a job, back in 1894, was already one man with the front name of Joseph. So Kennedy, an autocrat in his day and way, said to the recruit:

"It's Joe you're named, is it? Faith and I won't be calling 'Joe' and having two men quit their work when I want only one to come. From now on you're 'Dan,' d'ye hear?" and Joe became Dan, and so remained until the old hotel went out of business.

The book Taylor compiled proved such an eye-opener when I looked through it, I spent a week testing the memories of friends who had prided themselves, either

upon their knowledge of drinks in the making, or else upon their piscatorial prowess when it came to absorbing the same. I put this question to a score or more, many of whom were reputed to "drink like a fish":

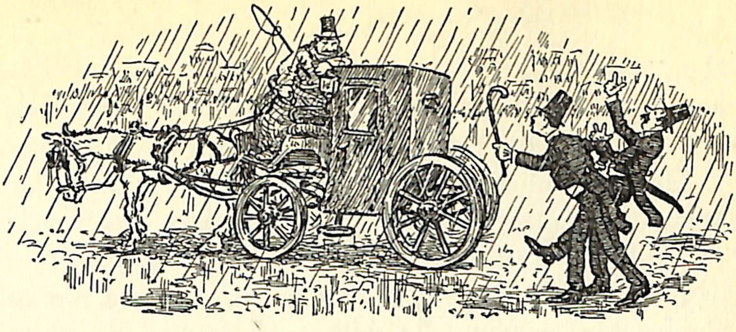
"Leaving out plain Scotch, rye, gin, beer and simple alcoholic drinks of whatever sort, how many kinds of mixed drinks would you say there are?"

In no case did the answer reach beyond fifty. And the highest enumeration of cocktails was twenty-five. That gave me a clue to the state of ignorance as to manners and conditions of an age just a little more than a decade gone, which, considering that those men were supposed to be experts in their way, must be widespread. Such ignorance is due for correction. And follow exhibits which multiply more than ten times the highest cocktail guesses of men supposed to know.

As the vulgate has it, "Read 'em and weep!" Not for the drinks that have gone, perhaps, but in envy of those who could compass such stuff and carry on, as the English put it. That they carried on, in the American sense, is a matter of record.

It is also a matter of record that many of them have been carried on. And the stern moralist might consider what follows as their epitaphs.

"Other times, other customs," runs the saw. And some would add that other, beginning, "*De gustibus*." After all, the verdict belongs to posterity. We are too near the casualty list to pronounce final judgment. The "facts" subjoined speak loud, and in reading, one may almost detect the odors of those other times and those other customs. But the taste—no!



PART VII

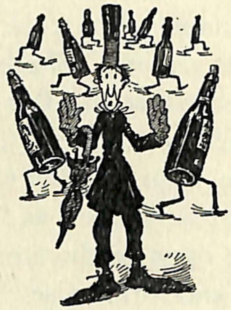
Drunk at the Old Waldorf Bar

FOR THE convenience of students of the cultural history and *mores* of the American people, to whom the significance of the names, if not their composition, may furnish material for research, the bibulous concoctions long known and served at the Bar of the old Waldorf have been arranged alphabetically, and in two classes. The cocktails have been set down in one list and the others, which might be classed as "beverages," though that title might be open to dispute, have been termed "Fancy Potations and Otherwise."

Were this a book of instruction, some discussion of ways and means, which might be of value, would perhaps not be out of order—particularly the latter. That would involve further classification, as well. But one believes that sufficient has been said in Part I to stimulate earnest seekers into wherefores and hows up to tracing the origins of many of the names, and assigning them to their historical periods. As for effects—well, one who glances carefully over the lists will discover that

the number of non-alcoholic recipes is not insignificant, and that before prohibition days cocktails were dispensed that contained not the slightest trace of alcohol.

Those non-alcoholic prescriptions, we are told on what seems good authority, are the only recipes that can be tested in this country to-day, for one of two reasons—or both. It is left to the reader to pick out the compositions that conform. Should he wish to test the others, with safety to his person and his liberty, he is advised to do his experimenting in some other country.



Cocktails*

ABSINTHE

Two dashes of Gin
Two-thirds Absinthe
One-third Water
Stir; strain

ADIRONDACK

Rugged, like its namesake. So rugged, indeed, it still survives. It is one of the few cocktail recipes now widely known and followed in this country, so one hears. But most who make it and drink it don't know its original name.

Yet one may be doing another cocktail an injustice. The recipe for the Adirondack specified Gordon Gin, a particular gin. If the reader turns to Orange Blossom No. 2, he will find the recipe a replica of the Adirondack, with the exception of the particular gin. In the Orange Blossom, the recipe just calls for "Gin." As most people who use Gin these days don't seem to be particular, and the Gin doesn't seem to care what it is, in the interest of accuracy it should be said that perhaps it is the Orange Blossom No. 2 that survives. But how many persons who have accepted Orange Blossoms are aware they are drinking a misnomer!

One-half Orange Juice
One-half Gordon Gin
Frappé

ADONIS

Named in honor of a theatrical offering which made at least two persons famous. One was Henry E. Dixey, a handsome and talented actor, long on Broadway; the other

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* Explanation or exposition of names of recipes starred has been given earlier in the book. No effort has been made to compile an encyclopedia, the author believing that research specialists interested in American *mores* would appreciate being left a little wet virgin territory of their own.

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was Fanny Ward. Yes, Fanny Ward! One doesn't see as much of Fanny these days as one did when she played *Cupid*—speaking literally, that is, for Fanny in the play was *Cupid*. Fanny discovered England late in the last century, married a South African millionaire and had a bijou house in Berkeley Square. Her daughter married a peer. She herself is now teaching Paris, London and New York—and even Hollywood—that sixty years means nothing, if you know what to do.

Two dashes Orange Bitters
One-half Sherry
One-half Italian Vermuth
Stir

ALASKA

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-third Yellow Chartreuse
Two-thirds Tom Gin

ALEXANDER

One-third Gin
One-third Crème de Cacao
One-third Cream
Frappé

ALL RIGHT

Popular among those who wanted quick results.

One-fifth Italian Vermuth
Four-fifths Nicholson Gin
Frappé, and serve with piece of Orange Peel in glass

ALPHONSE

It was a famous cartoonist who was responsible for a series of comics that ran in newspapers some thirty years ago, based upon traditional French politeness. "After you, my dear Gaston," "After you, my dear Alphonse," was the text or tenor of the captions, with the result that neither got past the door, or whatever it was. Some barman was a

fan for that cartoonist, and perpetuated a theme that made the latter a fortune—at least "perpetuated" until prohibition came.

One-third Crème de Cacao
One-third Dry Gin
One-third Cream
Frappé

AMARANTH

Evidently its godfather was a sentimentalist who liked flowers.

One dash Angostura Bitters
Two-thirds jigger Whiskey
Stir; strain; fill from siphon; add a little powdered Sugar; serve while foaming.

AMMONIA

Considered a cure, rather than a cause.

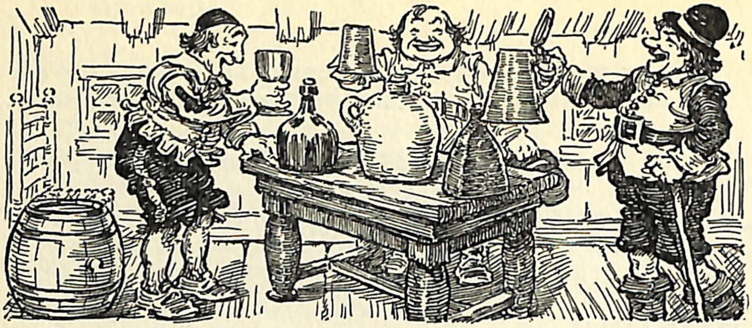
Five drops Aromatic Spirits Ammonia
One jigger Water
Stir; strain

AMPERSAND

Two dashes Orange Bitters
One-third Brandy
One-third Tom Gin
One-third Italian Vermuth
Stir; strain; two dashes of Curaçao on top

ARCTIC*

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-half Red Calisaya Bark
One-half Sloe Gin
Stir; strain



AMSTERDAM One-third Vermuth (French or Italian)
Dash Orange Bitters
Two-thirds Nicholson's Gin
Stir
Lemon Peel, squeezed on top

ARDSLEY

Residents of a famous and wealthy community up the Hudson, by that name, furnished a good deal of patronage to the Bar.

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-half Red Calisaya
One-half Sloe Gin
Frappé; strain

ARMOUR* Two dashes Orange Bitters
One-half jigger Sherry
One-half jigger Italian Vermuth
Stir; strain

ASTORIA

After the big annex to the old Waldorf, which at its opening, in 1897, became the main part of the establishment.

Two dashes Orange Bitters
One-third Tom Gin
Two-thirds French Vermuth
Stir

ASTOR

Perhaps after John Jacob of that name; perhaps after William Waldorf, his cousin; however, chances are, it was originated either at the old Astor House or the Astor Hotel, and took its name from its bar of nativity.

One dash of Lemon Juice
One dash of Orange Juice
One jigger of Gin
One jigger of Swedish Punsch

BACARDI

So designated because its chief component, originally the distillation of the juice of Cuban sugar cane, was called by that name—and probably is still so termed.

Two jiggers Bacardi Rum
Two Limes
A little Sugar
A little Grenadine
Shake well in crushed Ice

BACARDI No. 2 (claret glass)

Juice of one Lime
One-half spoonful Sugar
A drink of Bacardi Rum
A little Pineapple Juice
Shake well and pour into cup champagne glass, filled with shaved Ice

BACO (whiskey glass)

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-quarter Italian Vermuth
One-quarter French Vermuth
One-half Gordon Gin
Slice of Orange Peel, old-fashioned style

BALLANTINE

A brewer who was a Bar patron, gave this his name.

Two dashes Orange Bitters
One-half jigger French Vermuth
One-half jigger Plymouth Gin
One dash Absinthe
Frappé

BAMBOO

Two dashes Orange Bitters
One-half Sherry
One-half French Vermuth
Stir; strain

BEADLESTON*

Two dashes Orange Bitters
One-half jigger French Vermuth
One-half jigger Private Stock Whiskey
Stir

BEADLESTON No. 2*

One-half French Vermuth
One-half Haig & Haig Scotch Whiskey
Frappé

BIJOU

From the theatre of that name, in Broadway, a few blocks away, though certain connoisseurs were strong for the French term that was synonymous with jewel. They said it tasted like a jewel looked. The nativity of its two principal components lent authority to the drink, if not to their contention.

Two dashes Orange Bitters
One-half French Vermuth
One-half Grand Marnier
Stir

BIRD

So named by the person on whom it was first tried. "That's a bird!" he exclaimed, smacking his lips. And "Bird" was added to cocktail nomenclature.

Twist two pieces Orange peel
Fill glass with fine Ice
Two-third Triple Sec Curaçao
One-third Brandy
Two more Twisted Orange peels
Serve as Crème de Menthe Frappé

BISHOP POKER

Unfortunately for the origin of this name, poker is a word with several definitions. At one time it was an instrument familiar in every household and used for stirring up the fire and, occasionally, played a decisive part in domestic disputes, being the first resort of the Yankee housewife in an effort to establish authority over a husband who complained of the cooking. Now it is sacred to what was once America's great national indoor game. As for "Bishop", of course, prelates of that name do not drink—at least are not supposed to. On the other hand, there used to be a number of men by the name of Bishop who, in the Waldorf Bar, sometimes gave evidence that they did.

One-third French Vermuth
One-third Italian Vermuth
One-third Plymouth Gin
Frappé
Dash of Amer Picon Bitters

BLACK
Two-thirds Italian Vermuth
One-third Tom Gin

BLACKTHORN

Of Irish inception, "Blackthorn" is synonymous with shillalah, the native Celt's walking-stick, used also from primitive days as a weapon of offense and defense. It is cut from the blackthorn bush. The fact that one of its essentials was Sloe Gin, a distillation of the fruit of the blackthorn, gave authority to the drink and to its derivation as well.

Two dashes Orange Bitters
One-third Italian Vermuth
Two-thirds Sloe Gin
Stir

BRADFORD

Not called after a celebrated Pilgrim Father, but after a town in Pennsylvania, whose name was often heard in the Bar because E. E. Smathers, one of its well known patrons, earlier mentioned, came from Bradford, or thereabouts.

Two dashes Orange Bitters
One-half Italian Vermuth
One-half Tom Gin
Twist Lemon Peel on top

BRANDY
One dash Angostura Bitters
One dash Gin
One jigger Brandy
Stir

BRIDAL
Two dashes Orange Bitters
Dash of Maraschino
One-third jigger Italian Vermuth
Two-thirds Plymouth Gin
Stir; strain
One piece Orange Peel, twisted, thrown in glass

BRANDY CRUSTA

Origin of name obscure, but a favorite beverage of Uncle "Billie" Oliver, a good patron of the Bar who, besides being a gallant drinker, was during business hours a stock-broker.

Cup one-half small Lemon
Put in cocktail glass
Dip edge of glass in powdered Sugar
In mixing glass put two dashes Angostura Bitters
Four drops Lemon Juice
Two dashes Curaçao
Jigger Brandy
Stir well; strain

BRANT

Two dashes Angostura Bitters
One-quarter White Mint
Three-quarters Brandy
Stir; strain
One piece of Lemon Peel on top

BRIGHTON

So called from the race course near Brighton Beach, where many Bar habitués spent their afternoons when that track topped the racing calendar.

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-half Tom Gin
One-half Italian Vermuth
Stir

BROWN

Two dashes Orange Bitters
One-half French Vermuth
One-half Whiskey
Frappé

BRONX

The name of a meandering river and a borough familiar in NewYork geography, but, as told elsewhere, the cocktail was called after the Bronx "Zoo." Many variations of the original recipe have become current.

One-fourth Italian Vermuth
One-fourth French Vermuth
One-half Gordon Gin
Frappé with piece of Orange Peel

While the above is the recipe that has come down in the book, it is not the original Bronx, as it was invented by Johnnie Solon. As earlier mentioned, that was composed of one-third Orange Juice, two-thirds Gin, and a dash of Italian and French Vermuth.

BRUT

An extremely "dry" cocktail. "Brut," the French word, means "raw." Many of its customers used to pronounce it "Brute." That's what some thought it was.

Two dashes Orange Bitters
One-half French Vermuth
One-half Calisaya
One dash Absinthe
Frappé

BUNYAN*

Gordon Gin
Frappé
No Bitters
One Olive
Carbonic on side

CALISAYA

Two dashes Orange Bitters
One jigger Calisaya
Stir; strain

CHAMPAGNE One lump Sugar
Two dashes Angostura Bitters
One piece Lemon Peel, twisted in glass

CHANLER

Several members of the well known Chanler family were among the patrons of the Bar. Solon thinks this was named after "Sheriff Bob" Chanler, the artist, whose matrimonial adventure with Mme. Lina Cavalieri, formerly of the Metropolitan Opera, was a sensational episode of the first decade of the century. "Bob" knew all the Waldorf bartenders by their first names.

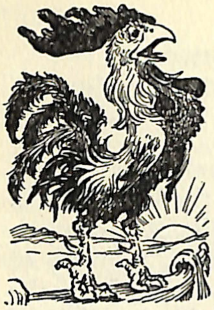
One small piece of Ice in mixing glass
Squeeze one piece of Lemon Peel
One-third Italian Vermuth
Two-thirds Old Tom Gin
Frappé; pour in whiskey glass

CHAUNCEY* Dash of Orange Bitters
One-fourth Tom Gin
One-fourth Whiskey
One-fourth Italian Vermuth
One-fourth Brandy
Stir; strain

CHOCOLATE (claret glass)
One pony yellow Chartreuse
One pony Maraschino
Yolk of one Egg
Shake well; strain

CHOCOLATE SOLDIER*

One-third Dubonnet
Two-thirds Nicholson's Gin
Dash of Lime Juice
Frappé



CHANTICLEER

Invention of the Chanticleer celebrated the opening in New York of Edmond Rostand's play, *Chanticler*.

One-half Orange Gin
One-half French Vermuth
White of one Egg
Frappé
(Add a cock's comb if desired) †

CHRIST* — Two dashes Orange Bitters
One-half Plymouth Gin
One-half Italian Vermuth
Two slices Orange Peel
Frappé

CIDER (Collins glass)

Two dashes Angostura Bitters
Whole Lemon Peel
One lump Ice
One pint Cider
Stir

CLUB — Dash of Angostura Bitters
One-third Italian Vermuth
Two-thirds Plymouth Gin
Stir

† See *Glossary*

CHARLIE ROSE One pony Brandy
Slice of Lemon placed on top

CLOVER CLUB

A Philadelphia importation, originated, it is said, in the bar of the old Bellevue-Stratford, where the Clover Club, composed of literary, legal, financial and business lights of the Quaker City, often dined and wined, and wined again.

(star glass)
Juice one-half Lemon
One-half spoon Sugar
One-half pony Raspberry
One-fourth pony White of Egg
One jigger Gin
Shake well; strain

COMMODORE

Named, according to Solon, after a man who was ranking officer either of the New York Yacht Club or the Larchmont Yacht Club. Anyhow, as there were two Commodore cocktails, there were enough to go around.

One-half teaspoon Sugar
One dash Lemon Juice
White of one Egg
One drink of Bacardi Rum
One dash of Grenadine
One dash of Raspberry Syrup
Frappé

COMMODORE No. 2

One-third Lemon Juice
One-third Bourbon Whiskey
One-third Crème de Cacao
Dash Grenadine Syrup
Frappé in champagne glass

CHARLIE CHAPLIN*

One-third Lime Juice
One-third Sloe Gin
One-third Apricot Brandy

COLONIAL

Dash of Orange Bitters
Two-thirds Plymouth Gin
One-third Red Calisaya
Stir; strain

COFFEE

(claret glass)
Two ponies Port Wine
One pony Brandy
Yolk of one Egg
One-half spoon Sugar
Shake; strain

COOPERSTOWN

In its early days, the Bar used to draw a lot of young sportsmen from what is said to be the richest and prettiest town up-State. Among them was Craig Wadsworth, who later took up diplomacy, and who was in his day one of the best types of thorough-going American sportsmen. The cocktail was named in compliment to him and his friends.

Bronx, with Mint
Frappé

CORA MIDDLETON

(claret glass)
Clover Club made with Jamaica Rum instead of Bacardi

CORNELL

A compliment to an institution at Ithaca, many of whose alumni—mining engineers and others—used it to toast Alma Mater.

One-half French Vermuth
One-half Gordon Gin
Frappé

CORONATION*
One-third Italian Vermuth
One-third French Vermuth
One-third Apple-jack
One dash Apricot Liqueur

COXEY*
Dash of Amer Picon Bitters
One-half Italian Vermuth
One-half Plymouth Gin
Stir; strain

CREOLE
Dash of Orange Bitters
One-third jigger Absinthe
One-third jigger Italian Vermuth
Frappé

CRISS RACQUET CLUB

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-half French Vermuth
One-half Plymouth Gin
Frappé with an Orange Peel

CROOK
Dash of Orange Bitters
One-third Absinthe
Two-thirds Italian Vermuth
Frappé

DANIEL DE ROUGE

Orange Bitters
One-half Tom Gin
One-half Red Calisaya
Stir

DEFENDER

The name of an American yacht which took care of one of Sir Thomas Lipton's early but seemingly endless "Shamrocks."

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-half Tom Gin
One-half Italian Vermuth
Two dashes Crème Yvette
Stir

DELATOUR

After a manufacturer of soda water, whose wares—if you call water "wares" (it does wear)—were dispensed in the Bar.

One-third Italian Vermuth
Two-thirds Gordon Gin
Two dashes Orange Bitters
Frappé and twist Orange Peel in glass

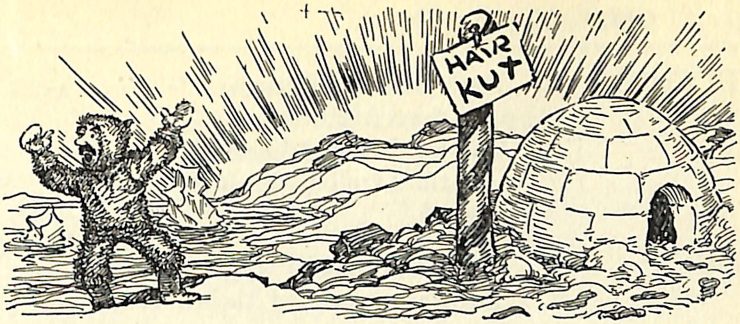
DELMONICO

Adopted from the bar of Delmonico's, a long-famous New York restaurant.

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-half French Vermuth
One-half Plymouth Gin
Two slices Orange Peel
Frappé

DEWEY*

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-half Plymouth Gin
One-half French Vermuth
Frappé



DR. COOK* (claret glass)
Juice one-half Lemon
White of one Egg
Two dashes Maraschino
Three-fourths Gin
Frappé

DOCTOR One-half Lime Juice
One-half Swedish Punsch
Frappé

DORFLINGER* Dash of Orange Bitters
One-third Green Absinthe
Two-thirds Plymouth Gin
Frappé

DOWD No Bitters
One-half Italian Vermuth
One-half Gordon Gin
Frappé

DOWN

Erin-go-bragh! What else, in faith, than a county in Ireland—ancient home of many American bartenders?

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-third Italian Vermuth
Two-thirds Gordon Gin
Frappé well; serve with an Olive

DUCHESS

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-third Absinthe
One-third French Vermuth
One-third Italian Vermuth
Frappé

DUKE

Dash of Orange Bitters
Two dashes, each of Absinthe and Anisette
One jigger French Vermuth
Frappé

DUPLEX

Parent of the original Bronx. Johnnie Solon, inventor of the latter, was making a Duplex, as earlier told, when he was challenged to create a new cocktail, and evolved the Bronx.

Two dashes Orange Bitters, or two squeezes of Orange Peel
One-half Italian Vermuth
One-half French Vermuth

DORLANDO

After a marathon runner in the Olympic games in London in 1908. Dorlando made a good fight. He arrived at the stadium in Shepherd's Bush before Johnnie Hayes, the American winner of the event, but fell several times in attempting to complete the necessary circuit of the course, was helped to his feet by sympathetic Englishmen and actually pushed across the line. The Italian flag was raised, to the great indignation of Americans present, and had to be lowered. The incident made a lot of talk at the time in several countries.

Same as Daniel de Rouge

EASY

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-eighth Italian Vermuth
Seven-eighths Booth's Gin
Shake; strain

EDDY* One-third Gordon Gin
One-third French Vermuth
One-third Orange Juice
Frappé

EMERALD

A tribute to Erin's Isle.

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-half Italian Vermuth
One-half Irish Whiskey
Stir

EMERSON

The Emerson Cocktail was not so called out of compliment to the Sage of Concord, who passed on ignorant that another of the name would one day arise to discover or invent a more potent remedy for the world's ills—or at least one of them—than a lifetime's philosophic utterances. Nay, it would not be mere guesswork to suggest that the profits of just one year's sales of Isaac L. Emerson's headache cure far exceeded the sum of the royalties received by Ralph Waldo Emerson during his lifetime, or his heirs afterward. And it was Isaac L. who was "commemorated," as it were, by the Emerson Cocktail.

Emerson was a Baltimore druggist. According to the story long ago current among old-timers who haunt the clubs in the Mt. Vernon Place district, the invention or discovery of the remedy, while one of a train of numerous, if sometimes expediential, experiments, was nevertheless accidental.

The shop of Emerson, runs this saga, was one of a large number of small establishments where medicines were dispensed in the Monumental City. That was in a day when drug stores did not sell everything else but drugs. Like more than one other Baltimorean of the time, Emerson occasionally dropped into some corner establishment with swinging shutter-doors, and the meaning of the word "souse" was not beyond his grasp.

But every time he sought to illustrate the definition of the term, the aftermath was a headache from which there was no refuge but sleep, and the next morning he would have what was euphuistically described as "a head." Naturally, he would turn for relief to his own prescription counter, but none of the patent medicines or any formula he compounded had seemed to solve the difficulty. One night, it so happened that Mrs. Emerson was waiting up for him. She followed him into the drug store and watched as, from force of habit, he took a little something from a bottle here, and from another bottle there, until he had apparently satisfied himself that he had put together enough things to achieve definite results. Now his wife watched him go to the spigot and turn it on. To her amazement, the stuff in the glass began to foam until it "boiled" over. At that point, her husband lifted the glass and drank it down. A half hour later, his head was as clear as a bell.

His wife was amazed. "Why, I have never seen you get over it so quickly," she said.

"You are right," her spouse replied. Then, as a thought struck him, he exclaimed: "Do you know, if I could only remember what I put in that tumbler, I believe I'd have something to make a fortune out of!"

"I can tell you," his wife assured him. "I watched you as you took up every bottle, and I know exactly what you used and how much of each thing."

Not long afterward, Emerson approached a member of a well known Baltimore banking firm. His story was received with skepticism.

"But," said the banker, according to the locally current version of the incident, "if it does what you say it does, there is a fortune in it. I'll tell you what," he added; "I'll get on a jag and if your remedy does the same thing for me that it did for you, I'll see that you get financed."

And so, the story goes on, the banker went out one evening and treated himself to one glorious toot. Emerson met him at an appointed hour, showed him the powder, put it in a glass, and added water. The stuff fizzed up. The

banker took it and drank. A half hour later, he was cold sober, and enthusiastic over the new discovery. And that, according to the legend which has come down by word of mouth from that day, was the origin of a huge fortune—a chance discovery of a means to cure the world's headache.

However, while Emerson was a frequent patron of the old Waldorf Bar, Johnnie Solon, who served him often, said he never was known to call for his own remedy on the premises.

Juice one-half Lime
Small teaspoon Maraschino
One-third Italian Vermuth
One-third Tom Gin
Stir; strain

EWING

One drop Angostura Bitters
One jigger Whiskey
Stir; strain

EXPRESS

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-half Italian Vermuth
One-half Scotch Whiskey
Stir

FANCIULLI

Certain unmusical memories seem to recall an Italian opera of that name, but Solon thinks the title was bestowed by some wag who wanted to give "the boys" a new cocktail, and named it after them, as it were, but without their knowing it. That it was not a misprint for "Fanciulla del West"—Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West"—is rather certain, as its origin considerably antedates the première of that of the opera at the Metropolitan, December 10, 1910. Fanciulli is what they say when they mean "the boys" on the banks of the Tiber; also in the environs of Vesuvius.

One-fourth Fernet Branca
One-fourth Italian Vermuth
One-half Whiskey

FIN DE SIÈCLE* Orange Bitters
One dash Amer Picon Bitters
One-third Italian Vermuth
Two-thirds Plymouth Gin
Stir

FLOATER

There is equal authority for a contention that this was called after a racehorse owned by the late James R. Keene, or after an individual numerically important, and who was transported into various precincts at different hours of Election Day and thereby enabled to vote early and often, as the saying was; or, the Floater may have changed his residence from a strong precinct of his political faith to one that was weaker, in order to make his vote count where it was needed. James R. Keene had a horse that was named Voter, and another that was called Ballot Box, and it may be that persons familiar with the race-track will dig up one that was called Floater. Anyhow, if there is such a horse it was named after the creature whose vote on Election Day had a plurally peripatetic quality.

Fill glass with shaved Ice
Three-fourths Gilka Kümmel
One-fourth Brandy

FLORIDA One-half Italian Vermuth
One-half Orange Juice
Shake

FOURTH DEGREE

Origin somewhat mixed, but traceable to patrons of the Bar who belonged to some secret society or other. Solon thinks it was a compliment to a Mason; maybe it was an Odd Fellow. However, let others fight it out.

One-third Italian Vermuth
Two-thirds Plymouth Gin
Dash of Absinthe

FULL HOUSE

The name is indicative of the sway once enjoyed by what used to be the great American indoor game.

Dash of Angostura Bitters
One-third Yellow Chartreuse
One-third Benedictine
One-third Apple Whiskey
Frappé

FUTURITY*

Dash of Angostura Bitters
One-half Sloe Gin
One-half Italian Vermuth
Stir

GIBSON

Took its name from Billie Gibson, well known sportsman and promoter of fights.

One-half French Vermuth
One-half Dry Tom Gin
Stir; strain; squeeze Lemon Peel on top

GIBSON No. 2

One-third French Vermuth
Two-thirds Plymouth Gin
Frappé
Orange Peel on top

GIN

Dash of Orange Bitters
One jigger Tom Gin
Stir; strain

GINGER ALE

The Angostura made it sound wicked, but most of its strength in that direction was figurative.

One lump Ice
Two dashes Angostura Bitters
One whole Lemon Peel
Fill with cold Ginger Ale

GLADWIN

Three-fourths Gordon Gin
One-eighth Italian Vermuth
One-eighth French Vermuth
Frappé

GLOOM LIFTER

Well, it may have been. It ought to have been. Judging from its composition, a few of them would not have made a man content with merely having his gloom lifted. Enough of the mixture would have insured a bit of hell-raising.

Same as Clover Club
Use Irish Whiskey instead of Bacardi
One-half teaspoon Brandy

GOOD TIMES*

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-third French Vermuth
Two-thirds Booth's Gin
Olive
Stir; strain

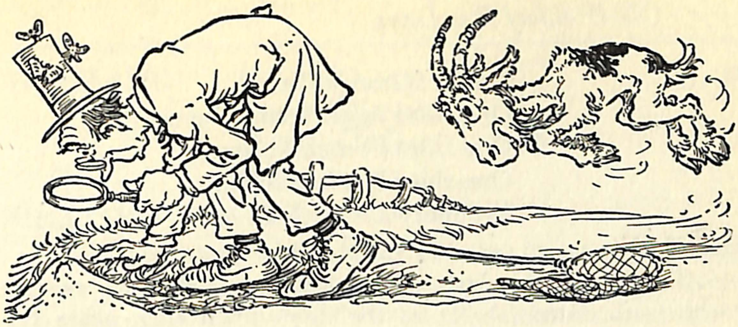
GRAND VIN

One-fourth Italian Vermuth
One-fourth French Vermuth
One-half Plymouth Gin
Frappé

GUION

Back in the days when the United States was making a name for itself with swift transatlantic steamships,—that was long before the War—the Guion line was important among Atlantic steamship companies. The cocktail was named after a member of the family which owned, or had founded, the Guion line.

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-half Plymouth Gin
One-half Italian Vermuth
Stir; strain
One spoon of Benedictine on top



GOAT'S DELIGHT

Looks as if it would also make a goat forget.

One-half Kirschwasser
One-half Brandy
One dash Orgeat Syrup
One spoon Cream
One dash Absinthe
Frappé

GOLD

After the product of "them thar hills," finders of which came to the Bar in great numbers.

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-half Tom Gin
One-half Italian Vermuth
Frappé

HALSEY

Solon thinks this was named in compliment to a well known stock-broker and patron of the Bar.

(whiskey glass)
One-half Gordon Gin
One-fourth Italian Vermuth
One-fourth French Vermuth
Frappé
Squeeze Orange Peel and drop in old style

HALL

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-third jigger Italian Vermuth
One-third French Vermuth
One-third Nicholson Gin
Frappé; serve with Olive

HAMLIN

Took its name from Harry Hamlin of Buffalo, an enthusiastic automobilist in the days when there were far more enthusiasts than automobiles. He was a good friend of Johnnie Solon and was always wanting to take Johnnie for a ride—which meant something different in those times. Hamlin was later killed, with five or six other persons, in an automobile accident.

One-third Italian Vermuth
Two-thirds Nicholson Gin
Frappé

HARVARD

Named after a school for young men, whose site is contiguous to the Charles River, in a suburb of Boston. Alumni who drank it sometimes lost the "Harvard accent."

Dash of Orange Bitters
Two-fifths jigger Brandy
Three-fifths Italian Vermuth
Stir; strain; fill from siphon

HEARN'S

Dash of Manhattan Bitters
One-third Whiskey
One-third Italian Vermuth
One-third Absinthe
Frappé

HEARST*

One dash Orange Bitters
One dash Angostura Bitters
One-half jigger Italian Vermuth
One-half jigger Plymouth Gin
Frappé

HIGHLAND
Dash of Orange Bitters
One-half Scotch
One-half Italian Vermuth
Stir

HILLIARD

Two claimants to the honor of being its namesake. One was "Bob" Hilliard, actor and matinée idol, and a frequent patron of the Bar. The other was "Tom" Hilliard, for many years actual manager of the Waldorf, under Boldt.

Dash of Peychaud Bitters
One-third Italian Vermuth
Two-thirds Dry Gin
Stir; strain

HOLLAND GIN
Dash of Angostura Bitters
One jigger Holland Gin
Stir; strain

HONOLULU
Two dashes Angostura Bitters
One teaspoon Lime Juice
One teaspoon Orange Juice
One jigger Tom Gin
Frappé; twist Lemon Peel on top

HONOLULU No. 2
One-third Italian Vermuth
One-third French Vermuth
One-third Whiskey
Frappé

HONOLULU COCKTAIL (*à la Mr. Smith*)
Two jiggers Gin
A little less than half a jigger of Orange Curaçao
Juice of half a Lime

HOP FROG

Two-thirds Lime Juice
One-third Brandy
Frappé

HOP TOAD

Lots of people saw no difference in the meaning of the two names above, which were actually synonymous. The "Toad", however, was a more complicated and a more potent mixture as well.

Juice of one-half Lime
One-third Jamaica Rum
One-third Apricot Brandy
Frappé

HOWARD

Dash of Orange Bitters
One jigger Plymouth Gin
Stir
Strain
Two dashes Angostura Bitters on top

IDEAL

One-third Italian Vermuth
Two-thirds Plymouth Gin
Flavor with Grapefruit
Frappé

I. D. K.

(bar glass)
One-third Italian Vermuth
Two-thirds Nicholson Gin
Orange Peel

I. D. K. No. 2

Solon recalls no patron of the Bar to whom those initials, "I. D. K." belonged, or the reason for their being so named.

One-fifth Italian Vermuth
Four-fifths Nicholson Gin
Sprig of Mint
Shake

JACK ROSE (*or Jacque Rose*)

Lots of readers about racketeers, and such as read only that sort of news in the papers, have believed for years that this cocktail was named after a character who turned state's evidence in the famous Becker case, which sent a Police Lieutenant to the chair. To speak in the modern way, they are—or were—all wet. The name is really Jacque Rose, a corruption of Jacquemot. It was named because of its pink color, the exact shade of a Jacquemot rose, when properly concocted.

Juice of Lime
One-third Grenadine Syrup
Two-thirds Apple-jack
Frappé

JAMES

Dash of Orange Bitters
Two-thirds Plymouth Gin
One-third Red Calisaya
Stir

JAPANESE

Dash of Boker's Bitters
Two dashes Orgeat Syrup
One jigger Brandy
One slice Lemon Peel
Stir; strain

JAPALAC

So styled in compliment to a paint or varnish man. Whether he was the owner of the company that made it, or

a salesman, is not established. Anyhow, Solon is authority for a statement that the cocktail called by that name did not enamel a digestive apparatus.

Juice one-fourth Orange
One-fourth part French Vermuth
One-fourth Whiskey
Dash of Raspberry Syrup
Frappé

JAZZ

Commemorating the sudden but widespread popularity of modern rhythmical measures.

Same as Bronx, with plenty of
Orange Juice

JERSEY

Dash of Boker's Bitters
Two dashes Syrup
One jigger Apple Whiskey
Stir

JITNEY*

One-half Gin
One-quarter Lemon Juice
One-fourth Orange Juice
A little Sugar

JOCKEY CLUB

Not after the perfume, but after the American Jockey Club itself.

Dash of Orange Bitters
One jigger Dry Gin
Stir; strain

JOHNSON

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-third jigger Plymouth Gin
One-third French Vermuth
One-third Italian Vermuth
Stir; one slice Orange Peel on top

JIMMIE LEE

For many years, the Paymaster of the old Waldorf was "Jimmie" Lee, a popular young Irishman. Jimmie was so entirely Gaelic in his sympathies that when a couple of kilted celts early in the War came to the Waldorf and played their tunes, Jimmie followed those pied pipers back to Erin, got mixed up in the revolution, and narrowly escaped getting hung—or shot. He came back after the War was over, a 100% American. Solon thinks the cocktail was named after this Jimmie Lee. He recalls a prominent citizen of Youngstown, Ohio, in connection with the mixture, and his recollection is that that gentleman was an admirer of the Waldorf's Paymaster, and presided at its christening.

Dash of Peychaud Bitters
One-third French Vermuth
One-third Italian Vermuth
One-third Plymouth Gin
Frappé and serve with Orange Peel

LEWIS

One-half French Vermuth
One-half Plymouth Gin
Frappé; strain

LIEUTENANT COLONEL

One-half French Vermuth
One-half Amer Picon Bitters
Frappé

LIBERAL

Dash of Orange Bitters
Three dashes Amer Picon
One-half Whiskey
One-half Italian Vermuth
Stir

LOFTUS

Called in compliment to Cissie Loftus, famous English comedienne and mimic. Long a popular top-liner in American vaudeville.

One-third French Vermuth
One-third Italian Vermuth
One-third Absinthe
Frappé

LONE TREE

After the that-time equivalent of that time of a "nineteenth hole"—a tree which stood alone in a secluded part of a golf course near Philadelphia. Recollections of that tree inspired a group of Philadelphians so to baptize a cocktail especially created for their nourishment.

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-half jigger Italian Vermuth
One-half Plymouth Gin

LOVE

Martini Cocktail, with White of one Egg added
Frappé; strain

LYNNE

One-half French Vermuth
One-half Gordon Gin
Frappé; strain

MANHATTAN

Origin somewhat obscure. Probably first called after a well known club of that name, and not after an island to which previous reference has been made.

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-half Italian Vermuth
One-half Whiskey
Stir; strain

MANHATTAN JUNIOR

One-half Vermuth
One-half Whiskey
Piece of Orange Peel
Frappé
No Bitters

MANHATTAN PUNCH (*à la Waldorf*)

Manhattan cocktail in red ground glass.—*Editor's Note: Last three words denote a container, not an ingredient.*

MARBLE HILL

One-quarter Dubonnet
One-quarter Orange Juice
One-half Gordon Gin
Frappé

MARCONI WIRELESS*

Two dashes Orange Bitters
One-third Italian Vermuth
Two-thirds Apple-jack
Frappé

MARGUERITE

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-half French Vermuth
One-half Plymouth Gin

MARMALADE

One-quarter French Vermuth
One-quarter Italian Vermuth
One-half Nicholson Gin
Two slices Orange
Shaved Ice; frappé well

MARTINI

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-half Tom Gin
One-half Italian Vermuth
Stir; strain

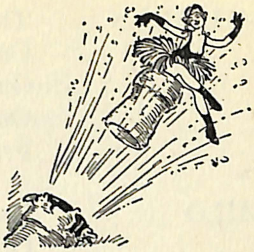
MacLEAN

In honor of John R. MacLean, long proprietor of the Cincinnati Enquirer and the Washington Post. MacLean was a frequent patron of the Bar in its older days. With him always traveled his *fidus Achates* and lieutenant, McBride, a genial story-teller and general good fellow, who graced the Bar oftener than did his principal. MacLean was once owner of the old New York Morning Journal, buying it from Albert Pulitzer, brother of Joseph. He used to think he made a good deal by selling to William R. Hearst for a much higher figure than it cost him. Subsequent events revealed that Mr. Hearst had not made a bad bargain after all.

One-quarter Italian Vermuth
One-quarter French Vermuth
One-half Gordon Gin
Frappé

McKINLEY'S DELIGHT*

One dash Absinthe
Two dashes Cherry Brandy
Two-thirds Whiskey
One-third Italian Vermuth
Stir; strain



MERRY WIDOW*

One-half French Vermuth
One-half Dubonnet
Frappé

METROPOLE

Attributed to a once well-known and somewhat lively hotel, whose bar was long a center of life after dark in the Times Square district.

One-dash Peychaud Bitters
One dash Orange Bitters
One-half jigger French Vermuth
One-half Brandy
Stir; strain on a Cherry

METROPOLITAN

Two-thirds Manhattan Bitters
One-third Italian Vermuth
Stir; strain

MIDDLETON

One-half Jamaica Rum
One-quarter Grenadine Syrup
One-quarter Holland Gin
One White of Egg
Juice of one Lemon
Frappé

MILLIONAIRE

Dry Martini, with Grenadine on top, in glass

MILLIKEN
Three dashes Amer Picon Bitters
One-quarter French Vermuth
One-quarter Italian Vermuth
One-half Gordon Gin
Frappé

MILO
One-sixth Pomelo Bitters
One-third Italian Vermuth
One-half Plymouth Gin

MONTANA

A compliment to the field of operations of many early patrons of the Bar.

One-third Brandy
One-third French Vermuth
One-third Port Wine
Stir; strain

MONTAUK

Named about the time that men of vision began to talk of Montauk Point as the Western terminus of transatlantic steamship lines.

One-third French Vermuth
One-third Italian Vermuth
One-third Gin
Two dashes Peychaud Bitters
Served in old-fashioned glass

MOUNTAIN
(whiskey glass)
Glass two-thirds full of Cider
One whole Egg
Pepper and Salt to taste

MY OWN
One-half French Vermuth
One-half Plymouth Gin
Frappé

NARRAGANSETT

No Bitters
One-third Italian Vermuth
Two-thirds Rye Whiskey
One dash Anisette
Stir; strain on Olive

NETHERLAND

Possibly invented at the Hotel Netherland, a contemporary of the old Waldorf.

Dash of Orange Bitters
Two-thirds Brandy
One-third Curaçao
Stir; strain

NEUDINE

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-half Italian Vermuth
One-half French Vermuth
Stir; strain

NEWMAN

This was the patronymic of a man who for a time ran the old Haymarket, a widely famed Tenderloin resort, at Sixth Avenue and Thirtieth Street. Solon avers the cocktail was named after him.

Dash of Amer Picon Bitters
One-third French Vermuth
One-third Italian Vermuth
One-third Plymouth Gin
Frappé

NEW ORLEANS (fizz glass)

Dash of Orange Bitters
One jigger Italian Vermuth
Shake; strain; fill from siphon

NEWPORT

One-fifth Italian Vermuth
Two-fifths French Vermuth
Two-fifths Gordon Gin
Orange Peel
Frappé

NORMANDIE

The name of a hotel in Broadway's early spotlight district, patronized by sportsmen and sports.

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-half jigger Apple Whiskey
One-half Italian Vermuth
Stir; strain

NUMBER THREE

One dash Orange Bitters
One dash Anisette
One-quarter French Vermuth
Three-quarters Nicholson Gin
Frappé; squeeze Lemon Peel on top

NUTTING

Its namesake was Col. Andrew J. Nutting, of Brooklyn, an ardent patron of the Bar for many years.

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-half French Vermuth
One-half Plymouth Gin
Stir; strain

OJEN

One teaspoon Peychaud Bitters
One jigger Ojen
Frappé; serve in claret glass with Seltzer

OLD-FASHIONED WHISKEY

This was brought to the old Waldorf in the days of its "sit-down" Bar, and introduced by, or in honor of, Col. James E. Pepper, of Kentucky, proprietor of a celebrated whiskey of the period. The Old-fashioned Whiskey cocktail was said to have been the invention of a bartender at the famous Pendennis Club in Louisville, of which Col. Pepper was a member.

One-quarter lump Sugar
Two spoons Water
One dash Angostura
One jigger Whiskey
One piece Lemon Peel
One lump Ice
Serve with small spoon

OLIVET

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-half Tom Gin
One-half Italian Vermuth
Stir; strain; one Olive in glass

OPAL

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-half Plymouth Gin
One-half French Vermuth
Stir; strain; one dash of Absinthe on top

ORANGE BLOSSOM

May have been named by a youthful bartender with romantic spring notions, though the weight of such evidence as is obtainable ascribes it to some young bridegroom or other who wanted something novel to use at his final stag party. Confused by many present-day drinkers with a Bronx.

One-third Orange Juice
One-third Tom Gin
One-third Italian Vermuth
Frappé

ORANGE BLOSSOM No. 2

Possibly of similar origin to the first Orange Blossom. This cocktail, under another name, has been mentioned as a present-day survivor from the past, though now usually half composed of synthetic or home-made gin.

(bar glass)
One-half Orange Juice
One-half Gin
Frappé

PALMETTO

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-half St. Croix Rum
One-half Italian Vermuth
Stir; strain

PAN-AMERICAN

Commemorated John Barrett's activities, supported by Andrew Carnegie, in forming an association of all American countries.

One-half Lemon, muddled
Three dashes Syrup
One jigger Whiskey
Frappé; strain

PASSIPE

One-third French Vermuth
Two-thirds House of Lords Gin
Juice of one Orange
Frappé

PEACOCK

Possibly from an adjoining alley of that name.

Two dashes Amer Picon Bitters
One dash Absinthe
One jigger Brandy
Frappé

PEG O' MY HEART*

One-half Lime Juice
One-half Bacardi Rum
Color with Grenadine
Frappé

PELL

Its name was a tribute to Archie Pell, long one of the handsomest and best dressed beaux in New York.

No Bitters
One-half Italian Vermuth
One-half Nicholson Gin
One Olive

PEPLO — A Pousse Café, shaken and strained

PERFECT

One-third Italian Vermuth
One-third French Vermuth
One-third Plymouth Gin
Frappé with an Orange Peel

PICK ME UP

Two dashes Acid or Lemon Phosphate
One-half Italian Vermuth
One-half Absinthe
Shake; strain

PING PONG

Named after a game said to have originated in England, but which Boldt installed in the big room next to the Bar in its early days. Bar habitués learned to play it, but sometimes experienced difficulty in hitting the right ball, claiming three or four were going over the net at one time, instead of one.

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-half Sloe Gin
One-half French Vermuth

POET'S DREAM

One-third Benedictine
One-third French Vermuth
One-third dry Gin
Lemon Peel, squeezed on top

POLO

Not after Marco, the adventurer, but after the game which in those days was little known except to the fashionable. That was before Meadowbrook had hurled its young men and its wealth into a comparative void in our National outdoor life.

One-fourth Lemon Juice
One-fourth Orange Juice
One-half Rum
Frappé

POMEROY

One-third French Vermuth
One-third Italian Vermuth
One-third Gordon Gin
One Orange Peel
Frappé à la Bronx

PORTO RICO

Sloe Gin Rickey with dash of Grenadine

PRAIRIE (claret glass)
One pony Tom Gin
One Egg
A little Pepper and Salt
Cover with Gin
Serve with napkin

PRINCE Two dashes Orange Bitters
Two dashes Crème de Menthe on top
One-third Whiskey

PRINCE HENRY*
Martini, with a dash of Crème de Menthe

PRINCETON

After a college somewhere in New Jersey, which used to send a lot of young men to the Waldorf Bar. Or, at least, they came.

Dash of Orange Bitters
Two-thirds jigger Tom Gin
Stir; strain; fill with Seltzer

QUEEN One-third Italian Vermuth
One-third French Vermuth
One-third Gin
Frappé with a fine slice of Pineapple

RACQUET CLUB*
Dash of Orange Bitters
One-half Plymouth Gin
One-half French Vermuth
Orange Peel
Frappé

RALEIGH
Juice of one-half Lime
Juice of one-half Orange
Pony of Bacardi Rum
Dash of Grenadine Syrup
Frappé

REES (*Also called H. C. Club*)

After a personal friend of the late George C. Boldt, who, like Boldt, had a fine place in the Thousand Islands, and was a fellow-member of the Thousand Islands Yacht Club.

Wash inside of mixing glass with green Absinthe
One dash Angostura Bitters
One-tenth Italian Vermuth
Nine-tenths Tom Gin
To be served warm—no Ice

RIDING CLUB*
Dash of Angostura Bitters
One-half pony Acid Phosphate
One jigger Red Calisaya
Stir

ROBERT BURNS

It may have been named after the celebrated Scotsman. Chances are, however, that it was christened in honor of a cigar salesman, who "bought" in the Bar.

Dash of Orange Bitters
One dash of Absinthe
One-quarter Italian Vermuth
Three-quarters Scotch Whiskey
Stir; strain

ROB ROY*
Dash of Orange Bitters
One-half Scotch
One-half Italian Vermuth
Stir; strain

ROBIN
One-half Calisaya Bitters
One-half Scotch Whiskey
Stir; strain; serve with a Cherry

RORY O'MORE

After an early Irish patriot, the hero of legends in which many a barman was well grounded.

Dash of Angostura Bitters
One-half Irish Whiskey
One-half Italian Vermuth
Stir; strain

ROSE
One-fourth Grand Marnier
Three-quarters Dry Gin
Stir; strain

ROSEMARY*
One-half French Vermuth
One-half Bourbon Whiskey
Frappé

ROSSINGTON
One and one-half jiggers Italian Vermuth
Two and one-half jiggers Gordon Gin
Peel of Orange on top

ROSSINGTON No. 2

One-third Dry Gin
One-third Italian Vermuth
One-third French Vermuth
Orange Peel
Frappé

RUBY
One-third French Vermuth
Two-thirds Cherry Brandy
Ten drops Acid Phosphate
One dash Orange Bitters
Two dashes Maraschino
Shake well and strain into glass

RUSSIAN

Two-thirds Brandy
One-third Orange Juice
Dash of Orange Bitters
Dash of Absinthe

ST. FRANCIS* Two dashes Gordon Orange Bitters
One-half Gordon Gin
One-half French Vermuth
Ice and strain; serve in cocktail glass with one stuffed Olive

ST. JOHN* (whiskey glass)
Old-fashioned Martini, with dash of Orange Bitters and Lemon Peel

ST. PETER* Juice of two Limes
One-fourth teaspoon Sugar
One-half jigger Gordon Gin
Frappé

SALOMÉ* Two dashes Absinthe
One-half Italian Vermuth
One-half Dubonnet
Stir; strain

SAM WARD — Cup a small Lemon
Fill with fine Ice
Fill with Yellow Chartreuse

SANTIAGO* — One-half Orange Juice
One-half Bacardi Rum
Color with Grenadine
Shake

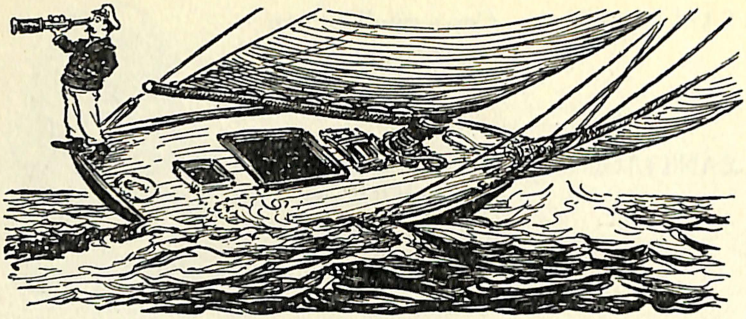
SAZERAC — Few dashes of Peychaud Bitters
Dash of Absinthe
Dash of Italian Vermuth
One jigger Bourbon or Scotch

SEPTEMBER MORN*
Juice of one Lime
One jigger of Bacardi Rum
White of one Egg
Color with Grenadine
Frappé well; serve in claret glass

SEPTEMBER MORN No. 2
Clover Club, made with Bacardi Rum instead of Gin

SHAFTER* — Dash of Orange Bitters
One-half Nicholson Gin
One-half Italian Vermuth
Stir

SHAKE UP SILO — One-half French Vermuth
One-half Plymouth Gin
Frappé



SKIPPER

Solon recalls that this was so called in compliment to a yachtsman well known many years ago, but does not remember his name.

Two-thirds Gordon Gin
One-fourth Maraschino
Dash of Orange Juice
Dash of Lemon Juice
Frappé

SHERMAN

Dash of Angostura Bitters
Dash of Orange Bitters
Three dashes Absinthe
Two-thirds jigger Italian Vermuth
One-third jigger Whiskey
Frappé

SILVER

Martini, with dash of Maraschino
Frappé

SIR JASPER

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-third Italian Vermuth
One-third French Vermuth
One-third Tom Gin
Stir; twist Lemon Peel on top

SLOE GIN

Dash of Orange Bitters
Two-thirds Sloe Gin
One-third Plymouth Gin
Stir; strain

SODA

(Collins glass)
Two dashes Angostura Bitters
Two lumps Ice
Two pieces Lemon Peel
One bottle Lemon Soda

SOMERSET

One-fourth Italian Vermuth
One-fourth French Vermuth
One-half Tom Gin
Stir; strain

SOUL KISS

After a musical comedy of that name, which, because of its appellation, stirred up a good many ideas among the young—and middle-aged—about the latter part of the first decade of the century. Whatever the peculiarities of "Soul-Kissing," the nature of the concoction itself leads to a surmise that it was rather "warm stuff," as the saying was.

(bar glass)
One-third French Vermuth
Two-thirds Dry Gin
White of Egg
Frappé

SOUTHGATE

One-fourth lump Sugar dissolved in
one-half pony of Water
Dash of Boonekamp Bitters
One jigger Whiskey
One piece twisted Lemon Peel

STAR

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-half Apple Whiskey
One-half Italian Vermuth
Stir

STEPHEN'S

One-third Sherry
One-third French Vermuth
One-third Benedictine
Frappé

STRAWBERRY

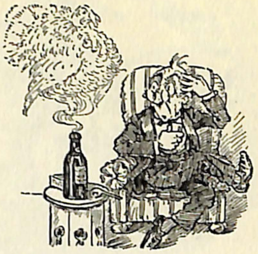
Dash of Orange Bitters
Juice of twelve Strawberries, or one pony of Syrup
Three-quarters Brandy
One dash of Maraschino
Stir; strain; Strawberry in glass

SUBURBAN*

Dash of Orange Bitters
Dash of Angostura Bitters
One-fifth Port Wine
One-fifth Jamaica Rum
Three-fifths Whiskey
Frappé

SUNSHINE

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-eighth Italian Vermuth
One-eighth French Vermuth
Three-fourths Tom Gin
Stir



THANKSGIVING

No Bitters
One-half Italian Vermuth
One-half Tom Gin
Piece of Orange Peel
Frappé; strain

SWAN

Juice of one Lime
One-half jigger Swan Gin
One-half jigger French Vermuth
Two dashes Angostura Bitters
Two dashes Absinthe
Serve well iced

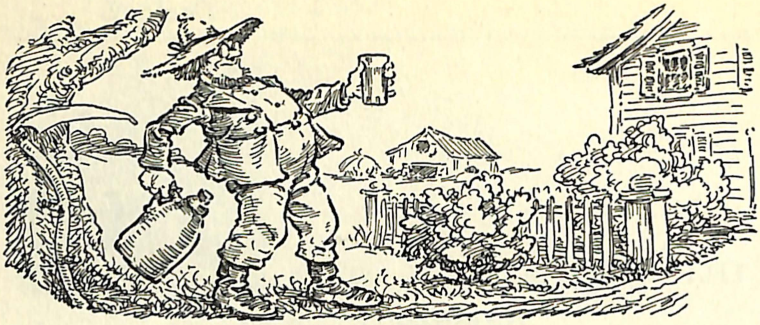
TANGO

After the Argentinian dance which first became popular during the early days of the modern dance craze, in 1912 or 1913.

One-half French Vermuth
One-half Dry Gin
White of Egg
Frappé

TANGO No. 2

One-fifth French Vermuth
One-fifth Italian Vermuth
One-fifth Rum
One-fifth Benedictine
One-fifth Orange Juice
Frappé



THOMPSON

After Denman Thompson, the actor, who made "The Old Homestead" famous, and upon whom that play had equally and probably better beneficent results.

Thompson was a patron of the Waldorf, and lived for a time in the house. He was one of the famous men of that day who clung to the old-fashioned boot long after it had given place to laced shoes and Oxfords. The boot had to be pulled on by straps, and sometimes it was hard to divest oneself of a pair.

One day, about noon, a bellboy rushed out of the elevator and came hurrying down the lobby, looking as if he were being pursued. Boldt stopped him.

"It is Mr. Thompson, sir," said the boy. "He can't get his boots off, and he is swearing terrible. I was afraid he was going to lick me."

Boldt immediately sent for the carpenter and told him to make a replica of an old-fashioned boot jack, by sawing an angle out of a piece of board and nailing a block under it. This done in quick time, he sent it with his compliments to the actor's room, and Thompson was able to ease himself out of his boots.

One-third Italian Vermuth
Two-thirds Whiskey
One piece each of Orange Peel,
  Pineapple, Lemon Peel
Frappé

MRS. THOMPSON*

One-third French Vermuth
Two-thirds Gordon Gin

THIRD DEGREE*

One-eighth French Vermuth
Seven-eighths Plymouth Gin
Several dashes Absinthe
Frappé

THREE-TO-ONE

Reminiscent of a favorite term among conservative race-track bettors.

One-half Lime Juice
One-third Apricot Liqueur
Two-thirds Dry Gin
Frappé

TIPPERARY

Invented long before the wartime song of that name was heard, so that it must be considered a direct namesake of an Irish county, and so called by a fond exile.

Two-thirds Sloe Gin
One-third French Vermuth
Teaspoon of Lemon Juice
Frappé

TIP TOP

Four dashes Benedictine
Two dashes Angostura Bitters
One jigger French Vermuth
Stir; strain; serve with Lemon Peel

TOM GIN

Dash of Orange Bitters
One jigger Tom Gin
Stir; strain

TRILBY* Dash of Orange Bitters
One-third French Vermuth
Two-thirds Tom Gin
One dash of Crème Yvette
Stir; strain

TURF

At times a good half—possibly two-thirds—of the crowd in the Bar were interested in racing, and would appreciate a cocktail of such a name.

Dash of Angostura Bitters
One-third Italian Vermuth
Two-thirds Holland Gin
Stir; strain

TUXEDO

After a settlement on the Erie R. R. where many customers of the Bar had country places.

Dash of Orange Bitters
Two-thirds Plymouth Gin
One-third Sherry Wine
Stir

TYRONE

Another Irish county.

Dash of Orange Bitters
Two-thirds Sloe Gin
One-third Italian Vermuth
Stir; strain

UNION LEAGUE*

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-third Port Wine
One-third Tom Gin
Stir; strain

MR. VANDERVERE
One-half Nicholson Gin
One-quarter French Vermuth
One-quarter Italian Vermuth
No Bitters
Stir, not Frappé; twist a Lemon Peel on top

VAN WYCK (star glass)
Dash of Orange Bitters
One-third Sloe Gin
Two-thirds Tom Gin
Stir; strain; Fruit in glass

VERMUTH (French)
Dash of Orange Bitters
One jigger French Vermuth
Stir; strain

VERMUTH (Italian)
Dash of Orange Bitters
One jigger Italian Vermuth
Stir; strain

VIN MARIANI
Dash of Orange Bitters
One-third Italian Vermuth
Two-thirds Vin Mariani
Stir; strain

VIVARY
Dash of Orange Bitters
One-half Italian Vermuth
One-half French Vermuth
One dash Absinthe
Stir

WALDORF

Dash of Manhattan Bitters
One-third Whiskey
One-third Absinthe
One-third Italian Vermuth
Frappé

There was a cocktail, not given in the book from which these recipes were translated, but which came into considerable favor among customers, who sometimes tired of the ordinary Bronx cocktail. It was called the WALDORF BRONX. According to Solon, it was composed of two-thirds gin, one-third orange juice, and two slices of fresh pineapple.

WALDORF GLOOM-LIFTER

Made same as Clover Club, but use Irish Whiskey
One-half teaspoon Brandy
White of one Egg
Dash of Raspberry Syrup
Dash of Grenadine
One-half teaspoon Sugar

WALDORF-ASTORIA

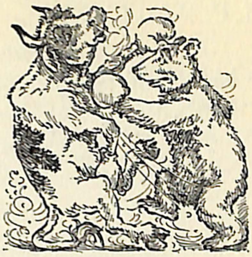
Pony of Benedictine on Ice
Cover and build in mound with sweetened Whipped Cream

WALTER MONTEITH

One-half Italian Vermuth
One-half Nicholson Gin
Frappé

WEST INDIA

Dash of West India or Angostura Bitters
One-half Tom Gin
One-half French Vermuth
Stir; strain



WALL STREET

Well, when a patron had got outside of an afternoon's ration of this stimulant, he wasn't able to care what had happened downtown before 3 o'clock.

One-third Italian Vermuth
Two-thirds Gordon Gin
Frappé, with squeeze of Orange Peel on top

WHISKEY

Dash of Angostura Bitters
One dash Gin
One jigger of Whiskey
Stir; strain

WHISKEY

(Old Style)
One-quarter lump Sugar
One-half pony of Water
One dash Angostura Bitters
One lump Ice
One jigger Whiskey
One piece Lemon Peel
Stir

WHITE GRAPE JUICE

Fill lemonade glass two-thirds with Ice and Grape Juice
Add Juice of Lime
Fill with Seltzer

H. P. WHITNEY

A famous patron of the turf who frequented the Bar before he and a group of friends moved up to the Brook Club.

One-quarter Italian Vermuth
One-quarter French Vermuth
One-half Plymouth Gin
Frappé with Orange Peel

WHITE ELEPHANT

One-third Italian Vermuth
Two-thirds Dry Gin
White of one Egg
Frappé

WHITTAKER

Preston Whittaker was one of the owners of the Imperial Hotel, but was more to be seen in the Waldorf Bar than in his own.

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-third Italian Vermuth
Two-thirds Red Calisaya
Stir; strain

WIDOW

One-half jigger Gordon Gin
One-half jigger French Vermuth
Orange Juice
Frappé

WILD CHERRY

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-half Tom Gin
One-half Wild Cherry or Cherry Whiskey
Stir; strain

WOXUM

Origin of name obscure. Solon thinks it is aboriginally American, and ascribes it to a "bunch of Indians"—so-called—who occasionally made whoopee—or, as it was said at that time, "raised hell"—in the Bar when they could get away with it.

One-half pony Yellow Chartreuse
One-half jigger Apple Whiskey
One-half jigger Italian Vermuth
Stir

YALE

An institution somewhere beyond Old Greenwich, where many young men go for the purpose of commuting to New York for weekends. The Bar used to be one of their "ports of call" and there they used to find many who in years past had gone to the same place and done the same things.

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-half Tom Gin
One-half Italian Vermuth
Stir; strain; a little Seltzer on top

YORK

Dash of Orange Bitters
One-half French Vermuth
One-half Scotch Whiskey
Stir; strain

ZAZA*

Two dashes Orange Bitters
One-third Tom Gin
Two-thirds Dubonnet
Stir; strain

1915

Named in honor of a New Year. Some believe this was the last cocktail invented in the old Waldorf Bar. Well, if it wasn't exactly a "knockout," it did not require many to produce that effect.

One-third Curaçao
One-third Cream
One-third Gin

One recipe given in the old Waldorf Bar-book from which these names and ghosts of drinks have been compiled was never served over the bar of that hotel. It was a stock story, told by the bartenders for almost a generation. And that it was faithfully repeated, there can be no doubt, because of the careful way it was written down. Even the date when it was first imparted to some barman at the Waldorf is given—May 7—but of what year, is not recorded; apparently from the context one between 1899 and 1902. The customer who left the story was one Peter S. Hoffman, of Chicago, who, according to the entry in the book, guaranteed it would stimulate business for coroners. Whatever the advocates of prohibition claim in that direction, it is reprinted, partly as a warning, and partly as a sample of the "latest men's story" retailed in a high-class drink emporium of some thirty years ago.

The Recipe:

Take three Chorus Girls and three Men
Soak in Champagne until Midnight
Squeeze into an Automobile
Add a dash of Joy, and
A drunken Chauffeur
Shake well
Serve at Seventy Miles an Hour
Chaser—A Coroner's Inquest

Fancy Potations and Otherwise*

Note: The words in parentheses denote the type of serving glass, or the quantity. See "Bar Glasses," in the *Glossary.*

ABSINTHE FRAPPÉ (New York)

(star)
One jigger Absinthe
Shake well; strain
Fill with plain Water

ABSINTHE FRAPPÉ (California)

(star)
One jigger Absinthe
Shake well; strain
Fill from siphon

ANGEL'S BLUSH or KISS

(pony)
Two-thirds Benedictine
One-third Cream

ANGEL'S DREAM

(pony)
One-third Maraschino
One-third Cream
One-third Crème Yvette

ANGEL'S TIT

The origin of the three celestially entitled concoctions above is somewhat cloudy, and perhaps their aptness is open to question. Why, for example, should the same drink be termed both an Angel's Blush and an Angel's Kiss?

**Note:* Explanation or exposition of names of recipes starred has been given earlier in the book.

There is a good deal of difference between a human blush and a human osculation, though of course one may be consequent upon the other. Of course, Angel's Dream involves an effort of imagination. As for Angel's Tit—well, this is getting too anatomical.

(pony)
Two-thirds Maraschino
One-third Cream

APPLE TODDY COLD

(whiskey)
Dissolve one lump of Sugar in three teaspoonfuls of Water
One jigger Apple Whiskey
One lump Ice
Serve with spoon and Nutmeg

APRICOT SAM WARD

Sam Ward gave his name to two drinks, but who in Sam Hill Sam Ward was, nobody connected with the old Waldorf Bar seems now to know. See Sam Ward Cocktail.

(cocktail)
Cup one small Lemon
Put in cocktail glass
Fill with fine Ice
Fill with Apricot Brandy

AN AUTOMOBILE

Invention of the drink is variously ascribed. It was first concocted in the days when the automobile was a novelty. The fact that its alcoholic content was modest, inclines one to the belief that it was not invented by the victim of a motor car. On the other hand, it was said to produce an

effect similar to the possession of a car when few owned automobiles, but many coveted them.

(Collins)
Juice one-half Lemon or Lime
One jigger Gordon Gin
Two lumps Ice
Three sprigs Mint
One bottle Imperial Ginger Ale

BABY TITTY

Somehwat more complex than the anatomical nodule, celestially named, and referred to above. The whipped cream with the cherry on top probably suggested the designation.

(sherry)
One-third Anisette
One-third Crème Yvette
One-third Whipped Cream
Serve with Cherry on top

BALTIMORE BRACER

(fizz)
One-half pony Anisette
One-half pony Brandy
White of one Egg
Frappé; fizz with Carbonic

BAYARD BEAUTY FIZZ

(lemon)
One dash Raspberry
One dash Maraschino
One spoon Lemon Juice
One jigger Tom Gin
Shake; strain; fill with Seltzer

BERMUDA HIGH BALL

One-third Brandy
One-third Plymouth Gin
One-third French Vermuth
One whole Lemon Peel
Fill from siphon

BISHOP

(pitcher)
Two jiggers Water
Four spoons Sugar
Juice one-half Lemon
One jigger Jamaica Rum
One bottle Claret
Fruit well

BISMARCK FIZZ

(fizz)
Juice one-half Lemon
One-half spoon Sugar
One pony Raspberry Syrup
One and one-half jigger Rhine Wine
Shake and strain; fill with Seltzer

BLACKJACK

Supposed to have been called that from knockout effects consequent upon indulgence. The blackjack was an instrument frequently carried by criminals in the pocket now sacred to hip-flasks. It usually consisted of a piece of lead covered with leather thongs, an extension of which went over the holder's wrist. Applied to the temple of the victim, it usually resulted in temporary or permanent coma. Frequently, those to whom its namesake was applied, or who applied themselves to it, recovered consciousness later on.

(claret)
Open pony Kirschwasser
One dash Brandy
One pony Coffee
Frappé

BLUE BLAZES

Name suggested by the flame, the final rite in concocting the drink.

(ale mugs)
One lump Sugar dissolved in one-half jigger hot Water
One jigger Scotch
Set fire to Whiskey; pour back and forth blazing

BORDELAISE (lemonade)
One pony Kirsch
One-half pony Raspberry Syrup
Shake; strain; fill from siphon

BOSTON COOLER

(Collins)
Juice one-half Lemon
One-quarter spoon Sugar
One jigger Medford Rum
One bottle plain Soda

BOSTON MILK PUNCH

(goblet)
Grate Nutmeg in glass
One-half spoon Sugar
One-half jigger Whiskey
One-half St. Croix Rum
Fill with Milk; shake well; strain

BRADLEY MARTIN

After the husband of a famous society leader who gave a much publicized ball in the room adjoining the Bar, while the latter was still building.

(pony)
Crème de Menthe on Ice or plain
with Crème de Cacao on top

BRANDY AND GINGER ALE FRAPPÉ

(Collins)
One jigger Brandy
Fill with fine Ice
Shake well; strain; fill with cold
Ginger Ale

BRANDY CHAMPERELLE

(pony)
One-third Curaçao
One-third Boker's Bitters
One-third Sherry

BRANDY FLOAT

(whiskey)
Pony of Brandy, floated on Seltzer in
whiskey glass

BRANDY PUNCH

(goblet)
Juice of one-half Lemon
One-half spoon Sugar
One pony of Water
One jigger Brandy
Shake; strain; fruit

BRANDY JULEP

(goblet)
Put three or four sprigs of Mint in mixing glass
One-half spoon Sugar
One pony of Water
Crush well; fill two-thirds goblet with Ice
Strain mixture on top
Fruit well; decorate with sprigs of Mint

BRANDY SCAFFA

(pony)
One-half Maraschino
One-half Brandy
Two dashes Angostura on top

BRANDY SLING

(whiskey)
One-half lump Sugar dissolved in two spoons Water
One jigger Brandy
One piece twisted Lemon Peel
One lump Ice
Small spoon

BRANDY SMASH

(fizz)
Two sprigs Mint
Two spoons Water
One-quarter spoon Sugar
Muddle
One jigger Brandy
Two lumps Ice
Small spoon

BRANDY SOUR

(star)
Juice one-half Lemon
One-half spoon Sugar
One jigger Brandy
Fill with Ice; stir; strain; Fruit in glass

BRANDY TODDY

At least ten drinks took their cognomen from brandy. Count 'em. Ten!

(whiskey)
One-half lump Sugar
Three spoons Water
One jigger Brandy
One lump Ice
Small spoon

BRUNSWICK SOUR

(star)
Juice one-half Lemon
One spoon Sugar
One jigger Rye
Stir; Fruit; Claret on top

CAFÉ BRÛLER (claret)
Moisten edge of glass—dip in Powdered Sugar
Seven-eighths Hot Coffee
One-eighth Brandy on top
Burn

CAFÉ KIRSCH (claret)
White of One Egg
One-fourth spoon Sugar
One pony Brandy
One pony Kirschwasser
One pony Coffee
Shake well; strain

CASCADE (goblet)
One pony Crème de Cassis
One pony French Vermuth
Fizz with Seltzer

CHAMPAGNE JULEP
(goblet)
One lump Sugar
Three sprigs Mint
Two lumps Ice
Fill with Champagne

CHAMPAGNE CUP
(pitcher)
One and one-half ponies Brandy
One pony Benedictine
One pony Maraschino
One bottle Soda, or one-quarter siphon
One bottle Wine
One stick Ice
Fruit; decorate with Mint

CHAMPAGNE PUNCH, *Kursley*
(pitcher)
One pint Champagne
One pint Beaune
One pint Apollinaris
One sliced Orange
Two lumps Sugar

CHICAGO FIZZ

An importation from the Windy City long before bombs, machine guns and sawed-off shotguns had come to disturb its peaceful life.

(lemonade)
Juice one-fourth Lemon
One-half spoon Sugar
White of one Egg
One-half jigger Jamaica Rum
One-half jigger Port Wine
Shake; strain; fill from siphon

CHOCOLATE CREAM PHOSPHATE

(Collins)
Yolk one Egg
One pony Kirsch
One pony Cream
Three dashes Acid Phosphate
Shake well; strain; fill with plain Soda

CIDER NECTAR

(1 quart) (star)
Juice one-half Lemon
One spoon Sugar
One jigger Brandy
One jigger Sherry
One quart Cider
Mint on top

CIDER NOG

(goblet)
One-half spoon Sugar
One Egg
Shake well; fill with Cider
Stir well; serve with napkin

CLARET COBBLER

(goblet)
One spoon Sugar
Two ponies of Water
One and one-half jiggers Claret
Fill with Ice; fruit well

CLARET CUP WALDORF

(pitcher)
In mixing glass, put
One-half spoon Sugar
One and one-half ponies Brandy
One pony Benedictine
One pony Maraschino
Seltzer to fill glass
Stir; pour into pitcher; add large stick Ice
One bottle Claret
Fruit; decorate with frosted Mint

CLARET PUNCH

(goblet)
Juice one-half Lemon
One-half spoon Sugar
One pony of Water
One and one-half jiggers Claret
Stir; pour in goblet; fruit well

CLARET PUNCH

(gallon)
Juice six Lemons
Two ponies Curaçao
Two ponies Brandy
Tablespoon Sugar
Two quarts Claret
Two siphons

CLIQUET (old-fashioned)
Juice one Orange
One jigger Rye; flavored with St. Croix Rum
One small lump Ice

COLUMBIA SKILL

Called, according to Solon, after the prowess Columbia had exhibited in a boat race with Cornell, and first composed upon the demand of a Columbia "fan" for a new drink that would properly commemorate the occasion.

One-half lump Sugar
Two spoons hot Water
One piece twisted Lemon Peel
One jigger Whiskey
Fill with hot Water; small spoon

CONCLAVE

No, this was not called after any religious body. According to Solon, it was named by members of some secret society or other, to whom the term was familiar, as the name of one of their governing bodies.

(goblet)
Juice one Orange
One pony Raspberry Syrup
Fill with Milk; very little Sugar; shake; strain

CREAM PUNCH (goblet)
One-half spoon Sugar
One pony White Curaçao
One pony Brandy
Fill two-thirds with Milk
Shake well; strain; Nutmeg

CREOLE LADY

A colorful conception, the recipe from which was brought from New Orleans.

Two Maraschino Cherries
One pony Maraschino
One sherry glass of Bourbon
One sherry glass of Old Madeira
Mix thoroughly with spoon—without Ice

CREAM PUFF (lemonade)
One-half spoon Sugar
One pony Cream
One jigger St. Croix Rum
Shake well; strain; fill from siphon

CUBAN MILK PUNCH
(goblet)
One pony Vanilla
One-half teaspoon Sugar
One whole Egg
Fill with Milk; shake; strain; Nutmeg

DELGARCIA (pony)
Fill glass with Brandy
One slice Lemon laid flat on top
One lump Sugar on top of that

DOUBLE STANDARD SOUR

Owes its name to a controversy which during the Nineties divided two political parties on the subject of whether this country should have both a gold and silver standard of currency, or gold alone. Nothing to do with masculine or feminine conduct.

(star)
Juice one-half Lime
One-half Rye Whiskey
One-half Tom Gin
One dash Raspberry Syrup
Stir; strain; fruit

DUMMY DAISY

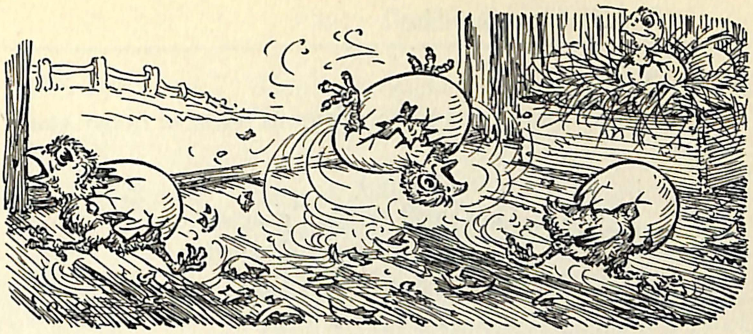
What was called a temperance drink. It looked wicked and was popular with sober men who wished to be thought "one of the boys" when they drank at the Bar with intemperate friends.

(lemonade)
One pony Raspberry Syrup
Juice one Lime
One-half spoon Sugar
Fizz with Seltzer

DURKEE

After a member of a family which had attained wealth through the manufacture of condiments.

(Collins)
One whole Lemon
One spoon Sugar, muddled well
One jigger Jamaica Rum
Fill with Delatour Soda
Stir while pouring



EGG FLIP (goblet)
One-fourth spoon Sugar
One Egg
Fill two-thirds Milk
Shake; strain

EGG LEMONADE
(lemonade)
Juice one Lemon
One-half spoon Sugar
Fill with Water
One Egg
Shake well; strain

EGG-NOG (goblet)
One-half spoon Sugar
One Egg
Fill three-quarters with Milk
Add Rum, Brandy, or Whiskey
Shake well; Nutmeg on top

EGG PHOSPHATE
(lemonade)
One Egg
One-half spoon Sugar
Three dashes Acid Phosphate
Shake well; fill with plain Soda

FASCINATION

Solon ascribes the name to a famous waltz of many years back.

(champagne)
One-third White Curaçao
Two-thirds White Absinthe
One piece of Ice in glass
Fill from siphon

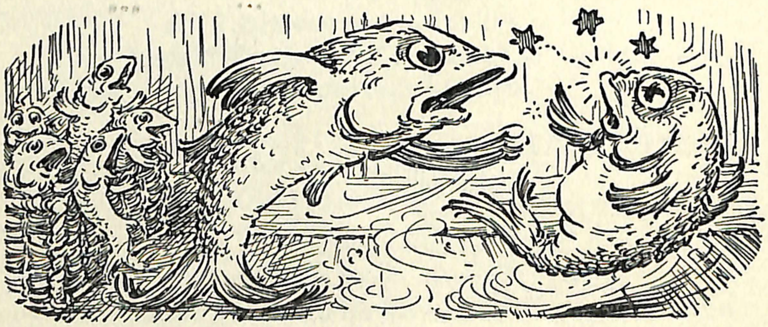
FIN DE SIÈCLE

Simply a Tom Collins with a fruity accent and flavor. Its name dates it back to 1899 or 1900, when the term was much used, but, as earlier indicated, much mispronounced.

(Collins)
Tom Collins, with Grenadine and
Raspberry Syrup

FISH-HOUSE PUNCH

(goblet)
Juice one-half Lemon
One-half spoon Sugar
One-half jigger Brandy
One-half Jamaica Rum
Shake well; Fruit in season



FIX WHISKEY
One lump Sugar
One jigger Whiskey

FLAMBEAU
(flat champagne)
Cup small Orange—turn inside out
One lump Sugar
One jigger Brandy
Set fire—burn five or ten seconds

FLORADORA

After an English musical comedy that had a long run at the Casino early in the century, and was famous for its sextette, and for the number of wealthy marriages made by the members of the latter.

(Collins)
Juice one Lime
One-half teaspoon Sugar
One-half pony Raspberry
One jigger Gin
Frappé; fizz with one bottle Ginger Ale

FLORIDA SPECIAL

Solon ascribes the name to a railroad man seeking publicity for a certain train.

(lemonade)
One drink Orange Juice
One lump Ice
Split of Ginger Ale

FREE SILVER FIZZ

Should be mentioned in connection with the Double Standard Sour. Free silver was an obsession of a great many Americans during the final decade of the last century, who

believed that an unlimited coinage of silver would solve the country's financial and other problems. William Jennings Bryan was a famous advocate of Free Silver, and ran on a "16 to 1" platform, that is to say, one that demanded the coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 of whatever gold was coined.

Juice one-fourth Lemon
One-third spoon Sugar
Two-thirds Tom Gin
One-third Medford Rum
One-half pony of Milk
Shake; strain; fill from siphon

FRUIT CUP

Raspberry Syrup
Strawberry Syrup
Pineapple Syrup
Lemon Syrup
Orange Syrup
Currant Syrup
Sliced Bananas

GARDEN OF EDEN

Nothing doing. No sex problems for this commentator.

(pony)
One-half pony Crème Yvette
One-half pony Apricot Brandy

GENERAL HENDRICKS
(goblet)
One-half Lemon, muddled with
Two lumps Sugar
One jigger Bourbon Whiskey
Fill with Apollinaris

GIN BUCK
(Collins)
One drink of Gin
One Lemon in glass
One lump Ice
One bottle Imported Ginger Ale

GIN FIZZ
Juice one-half Lemon
One-half spoon Sugar
One jigger Tom Gin
Shake and strain; fill from siphon

GOLDEN FIZZ
(lemonade)
Juice one-half Lemon
One-half spoon Sugar
Yolk one Egg
One jigger Gin
Shake; strain; fill from siphon

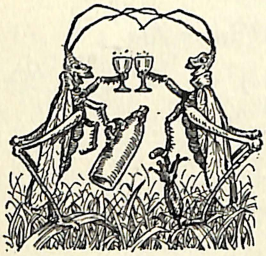
GOLDEN SLIPPER
(sherry)
One-fourth Yellow Chartreuse
One small Egg
Fill with Dantzig

GOODWIN PUNCH

After Nat C. Goodwin, famous actor and man-about-town, whose essays into matrimony used to interest many a breakfast table. Nat occasionally got into a scrap, in cer-

tain of which he proved he had a strong right arm, but the drink was descriptive rather of what Nat took, than of what he gave.

(goblet)
Juice one Lime
Open spoon Sugar
One dash Sherry
One jigger Rye
Shake; strain; ice; fruit



GRASS HOPPER

Name supposed to be synonymous with the effect, though, as this was a temperance drink, the matter is open to question.

(lemonade)
One-half Lemon Juice
One-half Orange Juice
One whole Egg
One-half teaspoon Sugar
Ice

GRENADINE FIZZ

(lemonade)
Juice one-half Lemon
One-half spoon Sugar
One pony Grenadine
One pony Milk
One jigger Tom Gin
Shake; strain; fill from siphon

HANCOCK SOUR

According to Solon, this was named in memory of General Winfield Scott Hancock, famous Confederate veteran, who was the Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States away back in 1880.

(fizz)
Four dashes Rock Candy Syrup
Juice One Lime
Three dashes Jamaica Rum
One jigger Bourbon
Ice; stir; strain; fill with Carbonic

HAPPY THOUGHT

A glance at this recipe inclines one to think that some bartender's "happy thought" in this instance was to grab up every bottle within reach, one after another, and pour some of each into a glass. It made a bouquet of various odors and tastes. But what one wonders what must have been the aftermath of the "Happy Thought!"

(claret)
Equal parts
Anisette, Crème de Cacao,
Crème de Rose, Crème de Menthe,
Crème Yvette and Cognac
Cracked Ice

HAWAII COOLER

(Collins)
Whole Peel of Orange
Juice of one Orange
One jigger Whiskey
One bottle Ginger Ale

HERALD PUNCH

Designed to compliment certain members of the old New York Herald staff, who resorted frequently to the Waldorf Bar—when they had the price.

(goblet)
Juice of one Orange
One-half spoon Sugar
One jigger Whiskey
Shake; fruit; flavor with St. Croix Rum

HIGH-BALL

Of course, the term may have come from baseball, but the only convenient encyclopaedia seems to be a temperance proposition, for it doesn't mention it. Solon says it used to send up many a man's batting average in his own estimation.

(fizz)
One jigger Whiskey
One lump Ice
Fill from siphon

HILLY CROFT COOLER

(Collins)
Whole rind of Lemon
Two lumps Ice
One bottle Ginger Ale
One jigger Tom Gin

HOBSON'S KISS

Champagne, Moselle, or Rhine Wine Cup
Made like Claret Cup Waldorf

HORSE'S NECK

Sounds wicked, but it wasn't. Just why the name, there seems no reason beyond the fact that it was a long drink, and in color might remind one of a horse—if one could think of the right-colored horse.

(Collins)
Whole of a Lemon Peel
One bottle Ginger Ale

HORTON FIZZ (fizz)
Gin fizz, with three or four sprigs of Mint, shaken up

HOT BAKED APPLE TODDY
One lump Sugar, dissolved
One-fourth Baked Apple
One jigger Apple Whiskey
Fill two-thirds with hot Water

HOT GIN SLING One lump Sugar, dissolved in hot Water
One jigger Gin
Fill two-thirds with hot Water
One piece Lemon Peel

HOT SCOTCH One lump Sugar, dissolved in hot Water
One jigger Scotch
Fill two-thirds with hot Water
One piece Lemon Peel, twisted

HOT SHERRY One-half lump Sugar, dissolved in hot Water
One jigger Sherry
Fill two-thirds with hot Water
Nutmeg on side

HOT SPICED RUM

One lump Sugar, dissolved in hot Water
One jigger Rum
Five whole Cloves
Fill glass with hot Water

HOT WHISKEY SKIN

One lump Sugar, dissolved in hot Water
One jigger Whiskey
One piece twisted Lemon Peel
Fill with hot Water

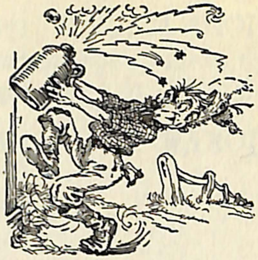
HOT WHISKEY TODDY

One lump Sugar, dissolved in hot Water
One jigger Whiskey
Fill two-thirds with hot Water

JAP FIZZ

To have been appropriate, one would think a necessary ingredient would be Sake, or Japanese rum. Rye whiskey and port wine mixed together do not suggest Sake—anything but.

(fizz)
Juice one-half Lemon
One spoonful Sugar
One-half jigger each of Rye Whiskey and Port Wine
White of one Egg
Frappé; strain; serve with Seltzer and one slice Pineapple



JERSEY FLASHLIGHT

One ingredient was what is now synonymous with "Jersey Lightning," though the term "flashlight" may have been suggested by the flame.

Two lumps Sugar
One dash Angostura Bitters
One piece Lemon Peel
One jigger Apple Whiskey
Fill with hot Water; ignite the whole
Mix while blazing

JIM RENWICK (Collins)

Rind of one Lemon
One jigger Whiskey
Two lumps Ice
One bottle imported Ginger Ale

JOHN COLLINS

One of two members of the Collins family famous in bars in the old days. Who the original Collins was, it seems difficult to establish. Tom Collins was the favorite of the two with most drinkers, and therefore better known. The difference between the two was that a Tom Collins was made with Old Tom Gin—or supposedly—while a John Collins was made with Holland Gin.

(Collins)
Juice one-half Lemon
One-half spoon Sugar
One jigger Holland Gin
Shake; strain; fill with plain Soda

JOHN FRAZER (pony)
Seven-eighths Maraschino
One-eighth Angostura Bitters

JOKER (sherry)
One-fourth Anisette
One-fourth Crème Yvette
One-fourth Benedictine
One-fourth Cream

JONES LA POUSSE

Solon knew personally two hundred and sixty-three Joneses, who were frequent or occasional patrons of the old Bar, and is hazy about fastening responsibility for the drink upon any one of them.

(pony)
Two-thirds Yellow Chartreuse
One-third Cream

JUCKER (sherry)
One-fourth Anisette
One-fourth Crème Yvette
One-fourth Benedictine
One-fourth Cream

KENTUCKY TODDY

(whiskey)
One-half lump Sugar
Two spoonfuls Water
One jigger Kentucky Whiskey

KING CHARLES

(goblet)
One pony Maraschino
One jigger Tom Gin
Three small lumps Ice
Fill with plain Soda
Fruit well

KLONDIKE COOLER

Called in compliment to someone who showed up in the Bar as soon as possible after he had made a strike in the Alaska gold fields.

(Collins)
Whole peel of one Orange
Juice of Orange
One jigger Whiskey
One Ginger Ale

KINSLEY CHAMPAGNE PUNCH

Called after Kinsley, one of the proprietors of the Holland House, where the drink was invented.

(pitcher)
One pint Champagne
One pint Burgundy
One pint Apollinaris
Three lumps Sugar
One sliced Orange

KNICKERBOCKER

After a well known New York club, then situated in a few steps from the Waldorf, and supposed to have been originally compounded for members of that organization, as was the case with Knickerbocker Punch (*q. v.*).

(Collins)
Juice one-half Lemon
One lump Sugar
Two dashes Angostura Bitters
One whole Lemon Peel
One jigger Brandy
Fill with plain Soda

KNICKERBOCKER PUNCH

(goblet)
Juice one-half Lemon
One-half spoon Sugar
One pony Water
One jigger St. Croix Rum
Stir; fruit well; float Claret on top

KNICKERBINE (sherry)

One-third Crème de Rose
One small Egg Yolk
One-third Benedictine
One-third Kümmel
Three dashes Orange Bitters on top

KRUGER SPECIAL

(fizz)
Cherry Flip, with a dash of Grenadine
Fill from siphon

LANDER'S PUNCH

One-fourth Jamaica Rum
One-fourth Gordon Gin
One-fourth French Vermuth
One-fourth Lemon Juice

LALLA ROOKH

Named by an Irish barman who had read Tom Moore's oriental romance.

(lemonade)
One pony Vanilla
One-half jigger Brandy
One-half Jamaica Rum
One-half spoon Sugar
One tablespoon Whipped Cream
Shake well; strain

LAWYER'S REVENGE

Much milder than its name, and producing an effect far less deleterious than one might suppose a revengeful lawyer would be apt to inflict.

(star)
One-fourth spoon Sugar
Piece of Orange Peel
One-half jigger Water; mix well
Fill mixing glass with Ice
Put over it one jigger Port Wine
Add dash of Vichy

LEMONADE, PLAIN

Juice of one Lemon
One-half spoonful Sugar
Fill with plain Water
Shake; fruit

(Fruit) LEMONADE (*à la Taylor*)

Equal parts of
Raspberry Syrup, Strawberry Syrup, Pineapple Syrup, Lemon Juice, Currant or Blackberry Juice and Orange Juice with small pieces of Banana
Fill glass with sparkling Water

LEMON PHOSPHATE

(lemonade)
Three dashes Acid Phosphate
One spoon Lemon Juice
Fill with Lemon Soda
Stir

LEMON SQUASH

(Collins)
Muddle one Lemon
One-half spoon Sugar
Fill with plain Soda
Stir

LOCOMOTIVE HOT

(pitcher)
Yolks of three Eggs, well beaten
One ounce of Honey
Five Cloves
One pony of Triple Sec
One pint Hot Burgundy
Stir well together; serve in hot whiskey glasses

LOENSKY

(pony)
Two-thirds Russian Kümmel
One-third Scotch Whiskey

LUNE DE MIEL

A drink oftener drunk than correctly pronounced, but whether it signified any particular honeymoon, records and memories fail to show.

(sherry)
One-third White Cacao
One-third Parfait d'Amour
Yolk of one Egg
One-third Kümmel Doré

MAMIE GILROY

(Collins)
Juice one-half Lime
One dash Hostetter Bitters
One jigger Scotch Whiskey
One bottle Club Soda

MARGUERITE (Collins)
One-half Lime
Lump Ice
One jigger Tom Gin
One imported Ginger Ale
If for two, split

MAMIE TAYLOR

Just who originated the Mamie Taylor is not a matter of record. So far as accessible authorities know, its recipe was first published one day in the old *New York Herald*, early in the century. James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the newspaper, believed that a new drink took rank among other inventions, and its creation might be chronicled in his paper as a matter of news.

Solon made the first Mamie Taylor that ever graced the Waldorf Bar. He did not invent it. But it so happened that he had read the recipe in the *Herald* the morning of the day when Traverson, head waiter of the Empire Room, came into the Bar at lunch time and said to him, "Johnnie, I've got a real job for you."

"What's that?" Solon asked.

"Well, I've got a customer who says he bets he can name a drink you can't make."

"What's that?"

"A Mamie Taylor."

"Huh! A Mamie Taylor? That's easy," Solon averred. He had torn out the recipe and put it in his pocket.

So under the eyes of the head waiter, Johnnie calmly proceeded to cut a lime in half, poured a jigger of Scotch whiskey, followed it with some cracked ice, dug into the refrigerator for a bottle of imported ginger ale, filled the glass, and stirred it with a long spoon.

Traverson himself took the new drink into the Empire Room. After a few minutes, he came back.

"That fellow says you must be a wizard," he told Solon.

"Why, he had never heard of the drink until he read about it in the Herald this morning."

Johnnie did not betray the source of his wizardry, but that day he sold a lot of Mamie Taylors. Traverson, a good salesman, had spread the fame of Johnnie's accomplishment among patrons of the Empire Room.

(Collins)
Juice one-half Lime
One jigger Scotch Whiskey
One bottle Imported Ginger Ale

MARTINIQUE (pony)
Two-thirds Benedictine
One-third Cream

MINCE PIE

No mincemeat, no pie; only the brandy that was a standard mincemeat ingredient in those days. Maybe it was a case of metonymy; the name meaning the effect, instead of the cause.

(pony)
Three-quarters Crème de Menthe
One-quarter Brandy

MINHEART CUP

(fruit cup)
Raspberry Syrup
Pineapple Juice
Lemon Juice
Orange Juice
Red Currant Juice
Sliced Bananas
Strawberries

MINT COOLER (Collins)
Three or four sprigs of Mint
Two lumps Ice
One bottle Ginger Ale

MINT JULEP

(goblet)
In mixer put three sprigs Mint
One-half spoon Sugar
One pony Water
Press well
Add one jigger Whiskey
Stir and pour into glass two-thirds full Ice
Fruit well; decorate with Mint

MILK PUNCH

(goblet)
One jigger Whiskey
One-half spoon Sugar
Fill three-quarters with Milk
Shake; strain; serve with Nutmeg

MONAHAN SPECIAL

Called after Mike Monahan, one of the Waldorf barkeepers, its inventor.

(whiskey)
Dash of Amer Picon Bitters
Two-thirds Whiskey
One-third Italian Vermuth
Stir

MONT BLANC

It took an imaginative bartender to see a resemblance to a white-topped mountain in a foaming glass.

(goblet)
One pony Orgeat Syrup
One jigger Absinthe
White of one Egg
Shake; strain
Fill glass with Seltzer

MORNING GLORY FIZZ

(fizz)
Juice one-half Lemon
One-half spoon Sugar
White of one Egg
One jigger Scotch
Two dashes Absinthe
Shake; strain; fill from siphon

MULLED CLARET or BURGUNDY

Three spoons Sugar
One-half pint Water
Five or six Cloves
Three or four small pieces
Cinnamon Wood
Whole rind of Lemon cut very thin
Put over fire and let come to a boil
Add Wine
Boil again and serve very hot

MURDOCK FIZZ

(fizz)
Two lumps Ice, dissolved in pony
of Water
Two pieces Lemon Peel
One jigger Rye Whiskey
Fill glass with Ice

NARRAGANSETT COBBLER

After Narragansett Pier, during the late Nineties the summer abode of many wealthy patrons of the Waldorf Bar.

(Collins)
Whole peel of Orange
Juice of one Orange
One jigger Whiskey
One bottle Ginger Ale
Stir

NEW ORLEANS FIZZ

(goblet)
Juice of one Lemon and a half
White of Egg
One spoon Sugar
Three dashes Orange Water
One jigger Cream
One jigger Gin
Shake well

ORANGEADE

(lemonade)
Juice of one and one-half Oranges
One-quarter spoon Sugar
Fill two-thirds with Water
Shake; strain

ORANGE BRANDY CUP

Cup an Orange; turn inside out
Serve in glass with Brandy

ORANGE FLAMBÉE COGNAC

Cup an Orange
Put rind in glass, inside out
Fill with shaved Ice
Pour over it Cognac

ORANGE LILY (lemonade)
Juice of two Oranges
White of one Egg
Frappé

ORANGE PHOSPHATE
(lemonade)
Juice one-half Orange
Two dashes Syrup
Three dashes Acid Phosphate
Stir; fill with plain Soda

ORANGE SMILE
(goblet)
Juice of two Oranges
One Egg
Just enough Grenadine Syrup to give color
Frappé

PALL MALL HIGH-BALL
One-third jigger Nicholson Gin
One-third Vermuth
One-third Brandy
Fill from siphon

PEACH BLOW (fizz)
Juice one-quarter Lemon
One-half spoon Sugar
One-half Peach
One jigger Tom Gin
Shake; strain; fill from siphon

PEGGY O'NEILL PUNCH

After an opera or play of that name, it is believed. The original Peggy O'Neill was the daughter of a Washington tavern-keeper noted for her beauty and wit. First married to a purser in the U. S. Navy named Timberlake, who, a few years later, committed suicide, her second husband was Major J. H. Eaton, who soon afterward became Secretary of War in Andrew Jackson's cabinet. For many years she was the center of a great scandal in Washington, and on her account Jackson reorganized his cabinet. After the death of her husband, she married an Italian dancing master many years younger than herself, who, before she divorced him, had squandered much of her property. Occasionally, there is a good story behind the name of a drink.

(goblet)
One dash Parfait d'Amour
One Lime Peel in center of glass
One drink Rye Whiskey
Three sprigs Mint
Fill with Seltzer

PEPSIN TODDY (whiskey)
One-half lump Sugar
Two dashes Pepsin Bitters
One jigger Whiskey
One lump Ice
Fill from siphon

PEQUOD SOUR (star)
Juice of one-half Lemon
One-half spoon Sugar
Two sprigs Mint
One-half Water
One jigger Whiskey
Stir well; fruit

PING PONG PUNCH*

(lemonade)
Juice of one Lemon
One dash Bitters
One jigger Apple Cider
Fresh Egg
One spoon Sugar
Shake; strain; fill with Soda Water

PING PONG PUNCH, No. 2

(pitcher)
Five siphons
One quart Whiskey
One quart Brandy
Crushed Mint
Fruit

PLANTER'S PUNCH

Juice of one small Lime
One small measure Jamaica Rum
Fruit like a Claret Punch
Fill glass from siphon

POMPIER

After the French term for "fireman;" but no French fireman would understand the usual orders that were given for it.

(fizz or Collins)
One-half jigger French Vermuth
One-half jigger Crème de Cassis
Fill with Seltzer

PORT WINE SANGAREE

(fizz)
One-half spoon Sugar
One-jigger Water
One and one-half jigger Port Wine
Stir; strain

POUSSE CAFÉ WALDORF

(sherry)
One-seventh Raspberry Syrup
One-seventh Anisette
One-seventh Parfait d'Amour
One-seventh Crème Yvette
One-seventh Yellow Chartreuse
One-seventh Green Chartreuse
One-seventh Brandy

POUSSE L'AMOUR

(sherry)
One-third Maraschino
Yolk of one Egg
Cover with Vanilla
Fill with Brandy

PRESBREY JULEP

Called, according to Solon, after a well-known advertising man.

(goblet)
Three sprigs Mint
One jigger Whiskey
One dash St. Croix Rum
Shaved Ice, frosted by stirring
Fruit and Mint

PUNCH UNIVERSAL

(pitcher)
Two tablespoons Sugar
Juice of two Lemons and one Orange
One pony Jamaica Rum
One pony Brandy
One bottle plain Soda
One quart Chablis
Fruit

QUEEN CHARLOTTE

(Collins)
One pony Raspberry Syrup
One jigger Claret
Two lumps Ice
Fill with Lemon Soda
Stir

RAINBOW POUSSE CAFÉ

Equal parts of
Grenadine, Maraschino,
Green Crème de Menthe,
Yellow Chartreuse,
Curaçao and Brandy

REMSEN COOLER

(Collins)
Whole peel of Lemon
One jigger Tom Gin
Fill with plain Soda

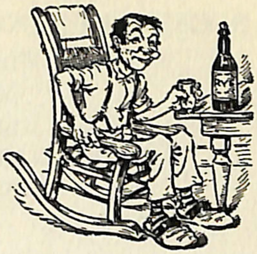
RICKEY

Called for Colonel Joe Rickey, as told elsewhere.

(goblet)
Juice and rind of one Lime
Lump of Ice
Gin or other Liquor to suit customer
Fill from siphon

ROBERT E. LEE

(Collins)
One dash Absinthe
Juice of one Lime
One drink of Scotch Whiskey
Ice and shake
One bottle of Imported Ginger Ale



ROCK AND RYE

(whiskey)
Two spoons Rock Candy Syrup
One jigger Whiskey
Serve with small spoon

ROMAN PUNCH

(goblet)
Juice of one-half Lemon
One spoon Sugar
One pony Curaçao
One-half jigger Jamaica Rum
One-half Brandy
One or two dashes Port Wine
Shake; strain; Seltzer on top; fruit

ROOF GARDEN COOLER

A drink that was frequently made and sent up to the roof of the hotel in the days when the Waldorf was the only hotel that had a roof garden.

(Collins)
One Lime
One dash Bitters, on one lump Sugar
One jigger French Vermuth
One bottle of Ginger Ale

ROOSEVELT PUNCH

(goblet)
Muddle one-half Lemon
One spoon Sugar
One jigger Apple Whiskey
Shake; one dash of Brandy on top

ROOSEVELT SOUR

(star)
Juice of one-half Lemon
One-half spoon Sugar
One jigger Apple Whiskey
Shake; strain on Fruit in glass

The two drinks above were named in honor of Col. Theodore Roosevelt, but there is no record that he ever tried them.

ROYAL FIZZ

(lemonade)
Gin Fizz with a whole Egg
Fill from siphon

ROYAL SMILE

One-fourth Gordon Gin
One-fourth Apple-jack
One-fourth Grenadine
One-fourth Lemon Juice
Frappé

RUM PUNCH

(goblet)
Juice of one-half Lemon
One-half spoon Sugar
One pony of Water
One jigger Rum
Fill glass two-thirds fine Ice; fruit well

RUM SOUR (star)
Juice of one-half Lemon
One-half spoon Sugar
One jigger Rum
Shake; strain on Fruit in glass

SABBATH CALM

Well, it may have deserved its name, but no dyspeptic would be inclined to try it, expecting repose thereafter.

(goblet)
One pony Brandy
One pony Port Wine
One pony Black Coffee
One Egg
One-half spoon Sugar
Fill two-thirds with Cream
Shake; strain; Nutmeg

ST. CROIX RUM SOUR

(star)
Juice of one-half Lemon
One spoon Sugar
One jigger St. Croix Rum
Shake; strain on Fruit in glass

SANGAREE (fizz)
One-half jigger French Vermuth
One-half jigger Sloe Gin
One dash Acid Phosphate
Two dashes Angostura Bitters
Fill with Ice

SANTIAGO SOUR*

(star)
Juice of one-half Lemon
One-half spoon Sugar
One pony of Water
One jigger Whiskey
Stir well; stuffed Olive in glass

SARATOGA COOLER

(Collins)
Whole rind of Lemon
Two or three lumps Ice
Fill one-half with Sarsaparilla
One-half with Imported Ginger Ale

SAVANNAH

(claret)
Juice one-half Orange
Drink of Gin
White of one Egg
Dash of Crème de Cacao
Frappé

SCHLEY PUNCH

Named after Commodore Winfield Scott Schley, of Spanish-American War fame. For many years, officers of the American Navy were divided in their claims as to who won the battle of Santiago—Admiral Schley, who did the work, or Admiral Samson, who was in command, but some distance away.

(lemonade)
Juice and rind of one-half Lime
One-fourth spoon Sugar
One-third jigger St. Croix Rum
Two-thirds jigger Whiskey
Shake; strain; fill with Seltzer

SEAWANHAKA YACHT CLUB COOLER

Complimenting a well-known yacht club.

(goblet)
Whole peel of one Lemon
Two lumps Ice
One jigger Whiskey
Fill with Ginger Ale

SELTZER LEMONADE

(lemon)
Juice of one Lemon
One-half spoon Sugar
Fill with Seltzer; stir slowly

SHANDYGAFF (pitcher)
One bottle Ginger Ale
One bottle Bass Ale
Mix

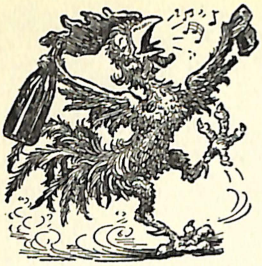
SHERIDAN PUNCH

Some say this was named after General Philip Sheridan, famous Union cavalry officer during the Civil War. Some advance the claim of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the Irish dramatist; and there are advocates of Pat Sheridan, long head houseman of the Waldorf, for the honor of being godfather to this punch. Well, they were all Irishmen, or of Irish descent, and an Irish barman composed the drink.

(lemonade)
Plain Lemonade
Whiskey on top

SHERRY AND EGG

(claret)
One-fourth glass Sherry
One Egg
Fill glass with Sherry
Serve with napkin



SHERRY CHICKEN

(goblet)
Egg-nog; made with Sherry

SHERRY COBBLER

(goblet)
One-fourth spoon Sugar
One pony of Water
One and one-half jigger Sherry
Stir; fill with Ice; fruit

SHERRY FLIP (star)
One Egg
One-half spoon Sugar
One jigger Sherry
Shake; strain; grate Nutmeg on top

SILVER FIZZ (fizz)
Gin Fizz, with White of Egg
Fill with Seltzer

SINGLE STANDARD

This belongs to the same period, and has an origin similar to that of Double Standard Sour and Free Silver Fizz.

(goblet)
Rickey, made with Whiskey

SMALL BEER

(pony)
Three-fourths Crème de Cacao
One-fourth Cream

SNOW BALL (Collins)
White of one Egg
One-half spoon Sugar
One jigger Medford Rum
Shake; strain; fill with Ginger Ale

SOOTHER (goblet)
One-half spoon Sugar
Juice one-half Lemon
One pony Brandy
One pony Jamaica Rum
One-half pony Curaçao
One spoon pure Apple Juice
Shake; strain

SOUTHERN SOUR

(star)
St. Croix Sour, with Claret on top

STONE FENCE

Not so hard to get over as some stone fences.

(fizz)
Two lumps Ice
One jigger Whiskey
Fill glass with Cider
Serve with spoon

STEINWAY PUNCH

Named after Charles Steinway, a well-known gourmet and patron of the old Waldorf, who made a fortune in pianos.

(lemonade)
Muddle one-half Lemon
One-half spoon Sugar
One jigger Whiskey
Fill with Seltzer
Stir; strain; Fruit

STRAWBERRY FIZZ

(lemonade)
One pony Strawberry Syrup
Juice of one-half Lemon
One jigger Tom Gin
Shake; strain; fill from siphon

SUISETTE

(lemonade)
Break one Egg in glass
Juice of one Lemon
One-third jigger Italian Vermuth
Two-thirds jigger Brandy
Two dashes Absinthe
One spoon Sugar
Frappé and fill with Carbonic

SUISSESSE

(star)
Three-quarters jigger Absinthe
One-fourth pony Anisette
Shake well; strain; fill from siphon

These two drinks, one would think, would belong to the same family, and the root of the word would indicate that there was something Swiss about them. Perhaps the Suis-

sesse, because of the Anisette, was French Swiss, and the Suisette, because of the Italian Vermuth, Italian Swiss. Both were Absinthe drinks, and the Suissesse was much stronger. None of the surviving Waldorf scholars, however, seems to be up on their origin.

SUNSHINE

(lemonade)
Juice one-half Lime and one-half Orange
White of one Egg
Jigger of Gin or Whiskey
Fizz with Carbonic

SYMPHONY OF MOIST JOY

This seems to have been a rhapsody in cordials.

(star)
Wine glass of shaved Ice
One-fourth Crème de Rose
One-fourth Yellow Chartreuse
One-fourth Crème de Menthe
One-fourth Cognac
Berries on top

THREE-QUARTER

(sherry)
One-third Yellow Chartreuse
One-third Curaçao
One-third Brandy

TOM COLLINS

(Collins)
Juice of one-half Lemon
One-half spoon Sugar
One jigger Tom Gin
Shake; strain; fill with plain Soda
See John Collins

TOM AND JERRY

Beat six Eggs well, adding Powdered Sugar until very thick, working out all lumps
Pour one-half tablespoon of this batter into mug
One-half jigger Brandy
One-half jigger Jamaica Rum
Fill with very hot Water
Add Nutmeg
Serve with napkin

VELVET

One pint Wine (Champagne)
One pint Dublin Stout

VICTORY SWIZZLE

Named in honor either of Dewey's victory at Manila Bay or of the Battle of Santiago. However, Swizzles were first imported to the United States from Cuba by American naval officers; besides, Santiago de Cuba is known for the manufacture of rum; hence the claims of the Santiago victory seem to outweigh those of that of Manila Bay.

Equal parts of
Irish Whiskey, Holland Gin and Jamaica Rum, with juice of one-half Lemon

WALDORF FRAPPÉ

Apricotine and Lime Juice, equal parts

WALDORF PUNCH

(goblet)
Whiskey, with Claret floated on top

WARD EIGHT

Whiskey Sour, with Grenadine

WHISKEY AND MINT
(whiskey)
Three sprigs Mint
One-half lump Sugar, dissolved; press Mint lightly
One jigger Whiskey
Small lump of Ice

WHISKEY AND TANSY
(whiskey)
Three leaves of Tansy, or a pony of Tansy Mixture
One jigger Whiskey

WHISKEY DAISY
(fizz)
Juice of one-half Lemon
One-half spoon Sugar
One pony Raspberry Syrup
One jigger Whiskey
Shake; strain; fill from siphon

WHISKEY FIZZ (fizz)
Juice of one-half Lemon
One spoon Sugar
One jigger Whiskey
Shake; strain; fill from siphon

WHISKEY FIZZ No. 2
(whiskey)
One-half spoon Sugar
One-half pony of Water
Three or four lumps Ice
One jigger Whiskey
Three slices of Fruit
Serve with spoon

WHISKEY FLIP (star)
One Egg
One-half spoon Sugar
One jigger Whiskey
Shake; strain; Nutmeg grated on top

WHISKEY MILK PUNCH
(goblet)
One-half spoon Sugar
One jigger Whiskey
Fill three-quarters with Milk
Shake well; strain; Nutmeg on top

WHISKEY MINT JULEP
(goblet)
Three sprigs Mint
One-half spoon Sugar
One pony of Water
Press well and add one jigger Whiskey
Stir; strain well

WHISKEY PUNCH
(goblet)
Juice of one-half Lemon
One-half spoon Sugar
One pony of Water
Fill glass two-thirds with fine Ice
One jigger Whiskey
Stir; fruit well in season

WHISKEY SLING

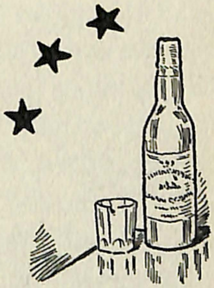
(whiskey)
One-half lump Sugar
One-half pony Water
One jigger Whiskey
Four or five drops Lemon Juice
One piece Lemon Peel
One lump Ice
Serve with spoon

WHISKEY SMASH

(fizz)
Three sprigs of Mint
Fill with fine Ice in mixing glass
Two more sprigs of Mint
One-quarter spoon Sugar
One-half pony of Water
Press well and add one jigger Whiskey
Stir; strain; fruit well; Mint on top

WHISKEY SOUR

(star)
Juice of one-half Lemon
One-half spoon Sugar
One-half pony of Water
One jigger Whiskey
Stir well; strain; Fruit in glass



The above twelve whiskey drinks show only some of the numerous ways of applying that variety of bottled thunder in the old days.

WHISPERS OF THE FROST

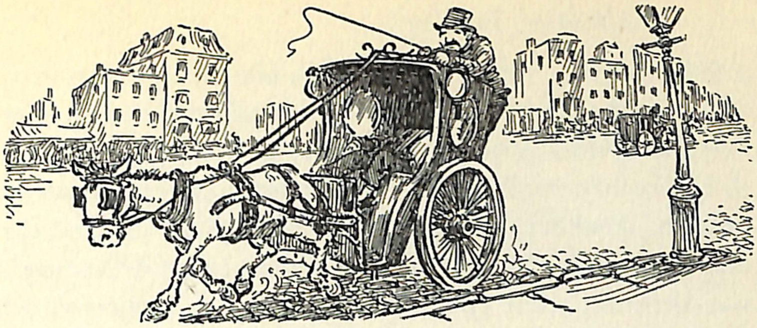
One drink—and if one didn't begin to hear the whispers at least one began to see something.

(goblet)
Equal parts of
Whiskey, Sherry, and Port Wine
Add Sugar to taste
Fruit well; Ice

WIDOW'S KISS

Just why the author of this drink should ascribe so many tastes to the osculation of some gentleman's relict, or who was the widow whose kiss was thus commemorated, it has been impossible to establish. One could only suggest that, as most of these various components are now said to be unattainable in these parts—at least in guaranteed purity,—someone with an inquiring mind might catch a widow and experiment with direct labial contact.

(sherry)
One-quarter Parfait d'Amour
One-quarter Yellow Chartreuse
One-quarter Benedictine
White of one Egg, beaten, on top
On the last, put slice of Strawberry



PART VIII

Glossary

FOR THE benefit of antiquarians and serious students of American *mores* to whom the names of once familiar spirits may appear as words of a forgotten tongue, the author has deemed it expedient to append a brief glossary, which may serve as a key to parts of the foregoing compendium.

It is to be assumed that most readers of this volume enjoy at least a passing acquaintance with certain ingredients once employed in the composition of what were commonly called fancy drinks, but by connoisseurs were often acclaimed as symphonies. For example, there was water, which as every student of chemistry should know is simply H_2O—not to be confounded with H_2SO_4, a fluid of the same transparent quality, but of slightly different properties. Then there was ice, or H_2O solidified by the application of extreme cold. There was sugar —to the laboratory-wise identified as $C_{12}H_{22}O_{11}$—and salt, recognized without difficulty as $NaCl_2$.

"Berries," as used in the text, it should be empha-

sized, does not mean dollars—simply small fruit usually growing on vines or diminutive plants. "Mug," as employed, does not signify a face, or "to photograph," as commonly applied these days; but a container made of glass, crockery, or stone, with a handle, and used for dispensing ale, cider, or, infrequently, beer. A "lemon" was then not what you were handed in an approach to a confidence transaction, but a small yellow fruit; and "lemon peel," of course, was the rind.

The word "Egg," as frequently used, should be taken in a literal and primitive sense. In the days with which we are dealing, the term "Pittsburgh Steel Millionaire" had not yet been synonymously superseded in Manhattanese by "Big Butter and Egg Man," and at the old Waldorf Bar "Good Egg" was synchronous and synonymous with "Fresh Egg." Whatever metaphorical or sinister sense either has come later to assume, each then meant simply a natural output of a female of the chicken species, and in fair condition. A "Nutmeg" was, and still is, the aromatic kernel of the fruit of a tree of the *Myristica* family.

"Cock's Comb" as used, meant literally what it says, however incredible to those who think only of a cow or a goat when they turn to the barnyard for something to drink. As an elective concomitant, if not an ingredient, of the Chanticleer cocktail, a Cock's Comb was a ruddy, serrated, distinctive capital decoration peculiar to the masculine chicken. It was pickled or bottled as a sweetmeat in France, often with other elemental components of departed roosters, particularly what are known to high-class grocers and certain gourmets as

"*Financières.*" The Cock's Comb and the *Financière* are still reputed among the ultrasophisticated to possess virtues akin to those of certain simian appropriations recommended by a distinguished Slavic surgeon. Indeed, the manager of one well-known mart for rare comestibles and delicacies stoutly maintained to the writer that the combination is in great and growing demand. To prove his assertion, he called for a bottle from the shelf, and asked his clerks to bear witness. Which they did.

"Ginger ale" is perhaps better known than in preprohibition days, so it should be unnecessary to define it, except so far as to say that "imported" ginger ale in those days meant that the product had been manufactured in some other country than the United States. An "orange," of course, signified about what it does to-day, though "orange peel" then meant a good deal more, as in the compendium there will be found numerous concoctions in which it was used for flavoring purposes. "Mint," a pungent herb commonly found in kitchen gardens, formerly filled a noble office in certain parts of this country—particularly below Mason and Dixon's line, and most notably, perhaps, in Kentucky, though in other states great pride was exhibited by many citizens in the virtues of a compound whose recipe, they claimed, had been handed down in some particular family for generations past. Nowadays, however, it seems to be more closely identified with the chewing gum industry than anything else. To refer back to "berries," and to include with them the more inclusive subject of "fruit," the word "raspberry" had not become synonymous with "horse's laugh" or anything else anatomical,

and the expression "give him the raspberry" had not come into common use. Nor had "strawberries" entered the realm of slang. Berries were berries and fruits were fruits. It was a simpler age. A pimola was a green olive stuffed with pimento.

A few processes employed by professors in the American School of Drinking, and named here and there, seem to call for some clarification.

For example, to "muddle" meant to mash and stir up one or more ingredients, and had no objective reference to the person who was getting the drink; to "cup" meant either to shape or use as a cup, or to place in the bottom of a cup or glass; to "frappé" meant to cool with ice. More frequently than not, a bar-tender averse to the vigorous and more than local exercise demanded by plying a cocktail-shaker achieved a similar effect by the finger-and-wrist method of gently stirring a few lumps of ice with a spoon.

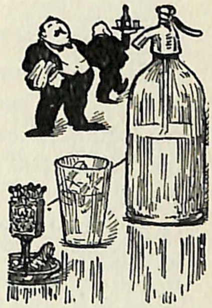
Two terms of liquid measurement employed may need explanation to the younger generation. A "split," for instance, did not necessarily concern a Terpsichorean achievement or divertisement, but simply meant half an ordinary bottle of aërated or flavored H_2O, or else a bottle of half the regular size. A "dash" demands more elaborate definition. Often in a bottle-neck was a device that held a metal quill. A "dash," in the sense of measurement, was the quantity of liquid discharged from the bottle when the bar-tender, elevating the vessel shoulder-high, pointed it in the direction of the mixture he was concocting, and brought it down sharply and swiftly to within a few inches of the same. By carefully gauging

the angle of incidence—anywhere from forty-five degrees to a perpendicular, the barman thus released what he often claimed to be the exact number of minims required for perfect composition. Or, the formula might call for two, or three dashes or more (*q.v.*).

In the list of cocktails and other drinks, it will be noted that in some cases the direction given is "shake," while in others it is "stir." Johnnie Solon is authority for an explanation which, after all, is a simple physical fact.

"If you simply stirred a cocktail or other drink," said Johnnie, "you got the liquor or liquors at full strength. When you shook a drink, you made the liquor weaker —much weaker in fact—because the ice melted fast in shaking, and thus added a lot of water to the content. If a man wanted a strong cocktail, you simply made the mixture, put in a few lumps of ice, and stirred."

With this brief introduction, one passes on to the Glossary proper, though perhaps that might be considered a misnomer in view of the fact that hardly anything mentioned in it is proper to-day—at least in this country. The definitions are confined to terms used in the compendium. The term "voltage," given where it is known, signifies "horsepower," "kick,"or"alcoholic content," and is used as being more in accord with this age of electricity.



Definitions

ABSINTHE—Usually a green, bitter, aromatic liquor, impregnated with wormwood, though there was also a white variety manufactured in France. *Deriv.*, Latin, *absinthium*, "wormwood." Long a resort for parodists in such lines as "Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder." Taken "neat" and often, was guaranteed to produce visions of snakes, etc. Voltage, 58.93.

ANISETTE—A liquor made in France by distillation from anise seed. Voltage, 42.

AROMATIC SPIRITS OF AMMONIA—A fragrant distillation from a colorless, pungent, suffocating gas (NH_3) obtained from nitrogenous organic bodies, such as coal, bones, blood, etc.

APPLE-JACK—Often used synonymously with apple whiskey and supposed to be a distillation. However, certain surviving bartenders have authorized a statement that either was usually nothing more or less than cider, "hardened" by age.

BENEDICTINE—A cordial or liqueur, distilled for centuries at Fécamp, in France, by the Benedictine monks. Its composition was kept secret and some persons believed its distillation was accompanied by religious rites. However, after the French Revolution, discovery was made that it could be produced by the laity and by strictly secular methods. Its components have been kept a trade secret, but it was believed to contain the volatile constituents of cardamom seeds, arnica flowers, angelica root, lemon peel, thyme, nutmegs, cassia, hyssop, peppermint, and cloves. Imitation of Benedictine is not so much a part of prohibition history as patrons of bootleggers may have become convinced. As a matter of fact, such has been going on in France and elsewhere for generations, the average customer who did not

know being satisfied if the bottle was queer and squat and bore the initials "D.O.M." Voltage, 52.

BITTERS—Beverages containing alcohol, together with a component for cathartic effect. Best known varieties: Angostura, made from the bark of a South American tree; Calisaya, synonymous with cinchona or quinine, also of South American origin; Orange; Boonekamp, made in Germany; Boker's, Amer Picon (which a stenographer rendered for me "American Pecan," but which was really a French proprietary proposition); Hostetter's, West Indies, Pepsin, Peychaud (made in New Orleans); Fernet Branca, etc. So named from the usual bitter taste.

BRANDY—(Sometimes called "cognac," from a town in France noted for its manufacture.) Alcoholic liquor distilled from wine. *Deriv.*, Dutch *brandewijn*, meaning "burnt wine." Was also made from the juice of apricots, peaches, apples or other fruit by distillation, and called liqueur. Cognac was often called for by the name of its maker: e.g., "Hennessy," or "Martel"; though it was often referred to by the symbol printed on its label, "★★★" or "★★★★★," as indulgers frequently proved unable to read when ready for an encore. Voltage, 53.4.

CHARTREUSE—A distillation with brandy of certain rare herbs, used as a cordial or liqueur. The name was derived from the fact that Chartreuse, like Benedictine, owed its invention to early French monks, who knew about what they wanted and got it. These monks were of the Carthusian Order, and the liqueur was made only at their monastery in the Grande Chartreuse, in the French Alps. The formula for its preparation was said to be known only to the Father Superior of the Order. When the monks were expelled from France, in 1903, they spirited the secret of its preparation to Tarragona, in Spain, whence comes an herb much esteemed by gourmets in the treatment of vinegar. Rival manufactories were then set up in France, but

their product was never so good as the original brand. Some thirty years or so before their expulsion, the Carthusian monks had suffered a big loss in the destruction of their brandy warehouses, wherein was stored what was said to be the largest stock of old Napoleon brandy in existence. Even before prohibition came, as much as twenty dollars a bottle was paid in New York for Chartreuse dated 1869 or before. While the monks have kept their formula a secret, analysts have named among the ingredients of Chartreuse: balm leaves, orange peel, dried hyssop tops, peppermint, wormwood, angelica seed and root, cinnamon, mace, cloves, Tonka beans, *calamus aromaticus* and cardamom. Some of the flavor, if not virtues of the product, however, was ascribed to certain herbs which were said to grow only in the neighborhood of the Grande Chartreuse. There were three varieties of Chartreuse—yellow, green, and white. Voltage, 43.

CRÈME DE CACAO—An extract of cocoa, made in France. Used as a cordial or liqueur.

CRÈME DE CASSIS—A liqueur made in France of black currants, whose voltage still causes headaches to some who recall its potency.

CRÈME DE MENTHE—A distillation of mint, or of brandy flavored with mint. Usually green in color, though there was also a white variety. By those who could not pronounce its name correctly, it was often called "green mint," or "white mint," *menthe* being the French word for "mint." It was usually made in France. Voltage, 48.

CRÈME YVETTE—An extract of violets, used for flavoring purposes; also drunk as a cordial or liqueur. Its perfume often gave it preference over the common or garden refuge of the drinking dissembler—a clove or peppermint lozenge —before the commercial discovery of halitosis. Made in New York.

CURAÇAO—Often mispronounced "Curacoa," especially by Englishmen. A liquor made by distilling spirits with orange peel and certain spices. Manufactured originally in Holland. Name derived from that of a Dutch island off the north coast of South America. Voltage, 55.

DUBONNET—A proprietary French bitters or tonic, one of whose ingredients was said to be quinine.

GIN— Originally a drink distilled from malt or other grain and afterwards rectified with and flavored with juniper berries. Manufactured in Holland, under the name of Hollands, Schiedam, and Schnapps. For the effect of Schnapps, see Washington Irving's tale of that sterling New Yorker of pre-war times, *Rip Van Winkle*. Also manufactured in England under various names, notably: Gordon, Booth's, Old Tom, Nicholson, Plymouth, House of Lords, etc. Among the lower classes of London, "gin' is alcohol, flavored with oil of turpentine and common salt. The term is often used generically for "bad liquor." In some parts of the Cotton Belt, "gin" signifies a beverage whose effects are momentarily synonymous with those produced by the saws of a cotton gin—from which it is *not* derived. The actual derivation is from the Dutch *jenever*, itself coming from the old French word *jenevre*, meaning juniper. Gin was sometimes called "Geneva," or "Geneva Water," and ascribed to Swiss invention; but it is interesting to note that the country of which Geneva is the capital has lately legislated itself away from association with strong drink. Voltage, 54.3.

SLOE GIN—Not to be confused with the real gin, and it should be noted that as compared with real gin, its effects are described by its first name, differently spelled. Sloe Gin is a sort of cordial made by distillation from a small, plum-like, astringent fruit, or a distillation flavored with the same.

GRAND MARNIER—A cordial, or liqueur, made in France from oranges.

GRENADINE—A red syrup or cordial, said to be made from pomegranates; manufactured in France.

KIRSCH or KIRSCHWASSER—A liquor distilled from European wild cherries, and made in Germany and other central European countries.

KÜMMEL or KIMMEL—A liquor made generally from highly rectified alcohol, flavored with cumin (a plant of the parsley family) and caraway seeds. Before the War it was manufactured chiefly at Riga, Russia. Voltage, 33.9.

MARASCHINO (pronounced "maraskeeno")—A cordial distilled from fermented cherries and flavored with bruised pits. *Deriv.*, Italian, *marasquino.*

OJEN—A cordial made in New Orleans, La., and flavored with absinthe.

ORGEAT—A syrup made in France from sugar, orange flower water and almonds. *Deriv.*, French, from Latin, *hordeum*, barley.

PARFAIT D'AMOUR—A red cordial whose composition was a proprietary secret, but whose name often assured those who had a slight acquaintance with French that it was a sort of love potion.

RUM—Generally, the name of any alcoholic liquor. Used as an adjective, colloquial English for "queer" or "peculiar." Specifically, an alcoholic liquor distilled from fermented molasses, or cane juice. Varieties usually named from country of origin—Jamaica, Swedish, St. Croix (West Indies), Cuban—better known as Bacardi or Santiago—and Japanese (usually called Sake and distilled from fermented rice). *Deriv.*, abbreviation of "rumbullion" or "rumbooze." The latter term is composed of the gypsy word *rom* or *rum*, meaning "good," and "booze," a corruption of the Dutch

bouse, meaning to "guzzle," but now used as a good English word with a sinister meaning. The manufacture of rum was at one time an important New England industry, antedating that of cotton cloth and, according to recent biographers, notable early Americans, including the Father of his Country, found it exceedingly palatable. Voltage, 53.7.

SHERRY—Originally meant the white wine of Jerez, Spain, from whose name it was derived. Jerez was pronounced "Hareth," or "Herreth." The English corruption may have been due to excessive sibilance manifested by the original Britisher who drank a bottle and demanded more. Voltage, 19.

SODA, SIPHON, PLAIN SODA, CARBONIC, SELTZER, VICHY—Water charged with gas and discharged into a glass by pressing a lever controlling the metal vent of a siphon. CLUB SODA, aërated water in a small bottle. LEMON SODA, the same with a flavor of synthetic lemon. DELATOUR SODA, a brand of a particular manufacturer. The word VICHY was a misnomer, appropriated from that of the famous water bottled at Vichy, France, by the French Government.

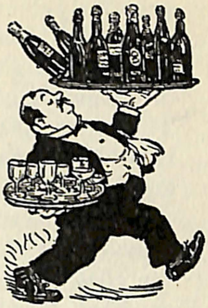
SWEDISH PUNSCH—A beverage manufactured in Sweden of which little information is available in these longitudes except that its voltage was 26.3.

VERMUTH—A liquor made from white wine, flavored with aromatic herbs. Formerly, of the two varieties, the Italian, or sweet, was made in Italy, and the French, or *sec* (dry), was manufactured in France. *Deriv.*, German, *wermuth*, meaning "wormwood." In the country of its origin, Vermuth was often drunk "neat," that is to say, unmixed with water or more potent liquids. Voltage, about 17.

VIN MARIANI—A wine made in France from cocoa, and formerly very much advertised as a tonic.

WHISKEY—Less comprehensive in definition than in these days, whiskey formerly denoted an alcoholic liquor obtained by the distillation of a fermented starchy compound, usually a grain. *Deriv.*, Gaelic, *uisgebeatha*, "water of life." For many years an important American manufacturing product, particularly engaging large numbers of the citizens of Baltimore, Pittsburgh and Louisville, with Peoria, Ill., and other centers of culture trailing along. Varieties: rye whiskey, made from that product; corn whiskey, called "Bourbon" if manufactured in Kentucky, but turned out as "White Mule" and under other names in illicit distilleries throughout the South; "Scotch," named for the country of its origin and popularly supposed to be made of oatmeal, the national dish, turned into spirits by the aid of peat fires, but more probably of barley; "Irish," made in Ireland, but of what the encyclopedia refuses to divulge; etc. Most names synonymous with whiskey were those of its particular manufacturers; surviving names from a pre-prohibition past being "Haig and Haig," "Antiquary," "Perfection," "Dewar's," "White Label," "Johnny Walker," etc. "Private stock" meant either a brand of whiskey bottled for some particular bar or its owner, or a bottle kept for the use of a particular customer.

WINE—Formerly the juice of grapes, fermented by nature, in course of time. Varieties named in the compendium include Claret, the ordinary red wine of certain districts in France (voltage, 13.3); Burgundy, the heavy red wine of Bourgogne, France (voltage, 13.6); Madeira, the wine of the Portuguese Island of that name; Port, a wine whose name came from the Portuguese city of Oporto, whence it was exported; Rhine, meaning a wine made of grapes grown in the Rhine valley; Beaune, wines both red and white, made in the vicinity of Beaune, France, and about the same voltage as Burgundy; Bordeaux, made of grapes grown in the territory contiguous to the city of Bordeaux, France (voltage, 11.5); Champagne, an effervescent wine made before the war in the Marne region of France, particularly at Rheims (voltage, 12.2).



BAR GLASSES—In seeking to obtain accurate definitions for the various containers in which were set forth the compositions of professors in that Academy of Fine Art with which we are dealing, one has discovered almost as many disagreements among its surviving experts as are said to exist among doctors. The memories of men who were among our best mixers—in the days when "good mixer" had another besides its present application—exhibit almost startling variations. Even when one stood a barman long retired to private life, before an imposing array of glassware at Lewis & Conger's, he looked at them long and then shook his head.

"What they drink from these days is not what used to be," he said, sadly. So what follows as "definitions" is at best only an approach to a consensus of recollection. As a matter of fact, in first-class bars the shapes and sizes of glasses varied. The old Waldorf barmen exhibited a preference for thick glasses, the thin ones, except where certain drinks seemed to demand them, being kept for display. They were costly, and very easy to break.

Among the glasses mentioned as proper for the service of the fancy potations before listed, the name "star" appears frequently. According to surviving authorities on bar-containers of the period, among them the Dean of a once-famous chapter of the American School of Drinking, famed as "The Hole in the Wall," whose secret location in the rear of Charles & Company's fruit store was known only to the

peculiarly elect, a "star" was synonymous with a SOUR glass. With him, Johnnie Solon agrees.

The SOUR glass, so called because it was used for "sours" of various kinds, held from five and a half to six ounces. The LEMONADE was originally a thick goblet, but in time it became a thin, straight-sided glass, holding from six to eight ounces. The latter was originally the same as a FIZZ or a HIGH-BALL glass. The COLLINS started out by being an eight-ounce glass, but a demand for a longer drink led to the adoption of a twelve- or even a sixteen-ounce glass—one that, besides the gin and the ice, would hold a "split" of soda. The CHAMPAGNE was usually a wide-bowled, thin-stemmed goblet; often, however, a thin four-ounce tumbler, was used, the same being also called an APOLLINARIS glass. A SHERRY glass was a small glass with a sharp, conical bowl, holding from three-quarters of an ounce to about an ounce and a third. A PONY was identical with a small liqueur glass, and held a scant ounce. A POUSSE CAFÉ glass was an elongated pony, holding about an ounce and a half. A WHISKEY was a thin, low, straight-sided vessel holding about four ounces. The CLARET, a thin goblet, held from three and a half to four ounces.

The JIGGER was a conical metal container, holding about two ounces. In many establishments its use was abandoned in favor of the barman's eye. He was supposed to be able to gauge a jigger-ful when pouring from a bottle in composing mixed drinks. In first-class establishments, the customer was usually permitted to measure his own whiskey when he took it "neat," or in a high-ball.

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